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DESCRIPTION OF THE MUSICAL ESTABLISHMENTS
AT VIENNA.

VIENNA is not less remarkable for the number and utility of its musical institutions, than for its rich collections of pictures and antiquities. Amongst the former the following are the principal:—

1st, *The Imperial and Royal Chapel*—which is under the direction of the Count of the Court Music (*Hof-Musik-Grafen*) and consists of eighteen singers and forty-four instrumental performers,—in all sixty-two musicians. The performances of sacred music, which take place every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, enjoy a justly deserved celebrity.

2d, *The Imperial Organ School*.—This school is free to all those who follow the profession of teaching music.

3d, *The Society of Musical Amateurs of the Austrian Empire, and of the Conservatory of Music*.—This society is at present composed of a protector; a president; twelve chosen fellows; fifty representatives (*representans*); four hundred performers; and an auxiliary force of six hundred others, occasionally called in to assist. There are, besides, fourteen honorary members. This society is divided into different branches or committees, the most important of which is—*The Conservatory of Music*. A director and twenty-four inspectors are charged with the superintendence of eighteen schools, in which two hundred pupils are instructed by twenty professors. The plan of study comprises the following branches:—vocal music, the practice of twelve different instruments, composition, and the Italian language. The female pupils are under the care of a singing mistress. About one hundred and forty of the pupils devote themselves to instrumental

music, and the remaining sixty to singing. Instruction is given gratuitously, but with the condition that the pupils shall frequent the institution for the next six years. In the month of July of each year, there is a public examination, when the society delivers certificates of merit, which are recognized by the government as legal, or having the force of diplomas.

The teachers in the imperial schools have the right of examining, on these occasions, the younger pupils. This musical conservatory is supported by subscriptions which are contributed for six years. This society of amateurs, acknowledged as one of the first in the empire, has lately undertaken to furnish full bands and chorus singers to the church of St. Augustine, where, on Sundays, vocal masses are sung; and on the great festivals the performance is both vocal and instrumental.

The Committee of the Concert Society give, each winter, four grand concerts in the vast *redotto* hall (*Redutensal.*) The members alone have the right of being present, but strangers are admitted on application to the secretary of the society, Joseph de Sonnleithner, counsellor of the regency. Besides these four grand concerts, the society gives, during the winter, sixty musical evenings in the building belonging to the institution. To these also, the members alone have a right to be admitted, on payment of a subscription of six florins. For several years back, this society has also been in the habit of giving four concerts of sacred music in the course of the winter, the subscription to which has been two florins. It is scarcely necessary to add, that at all these grand concerts and musical evenings nothing is heard but good, and, as it may be said, classical music, and that all the trashy compositions of the moment (*les niaiseries d'ordre du jour*) are rigorously and contemptuously excluded. In consequence, this society of amateurs exercises a powerful and beneficial influence over the music of the capital and the whole empire.

This society possesses, in their archives, the scores of eight hundred concerted pieces; a library containing twelve hundred and forty theoretical works; a collection of portraits of the most celebrated musical composers, consisting of sixty oil paintings, and six hundred engravings. A special committee is employed in preparing for publication the biographies of the principal composers and musicians. More than one hundred of these are already completed. There is also a numerous and valuable collection of autographs, and a museum of fifty-four curious musical instruments belonging to various ages and nations. In the building belonging to this society, is a Concert-

room, renowned all over Europe for being constructed on the most perfect acoustic principles. This Concert-room the society very generously places at the disposal of any foreign musician of well deserved celebrity.

Besides these establishments, there are in Vienna and its suburbs, five different societies for the cultivation and performance of church music, (*Kirchen-Musik-Vereine*) each of which supports a school of singing.

Amongst the numerous schools kept by individuals (*Privat-Musik-schulen*) are three, which are very remarkable—one for organ playing, another for singing, and the third for counterpoint. (*Orgel-Sing und Generalbass-Schulen.*) Amongst the private musical parties the best organized and most interesting are those of M. de Kiessemeter, counsellor of the court. The principal vocal compositions, executed at these meetings, are of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Foreigners and connoisseurs may, without much difficulty, gain admission to these concerts.

The Imperial and Royal library is very rich in musical treasures, possessing several thousand scores of practical and theoretical concerted works, from the time of O'Kenheim down to the present day. This collection is contained in sixteen large cases, and is classed as follow:—two cases of theoretical, literary, historical, elementary works, and essays relating to music; one case of various compositions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; three cases of religious music belonging to various periods; one case containing the private collection of the Emperor Leppold I., chiefly dramatic music; one case full of cantatas, duos, &c. composed on occasions of public rejoicings, Imperial deaths, &c. (*Fest-Musiken*); one case of ancient and modern oratorios; two cases and a half of old Italian operas; two cases of modern Italian operas; half a case of German operas; one case of French operas; one case of Court music (*Kammer-Musik*); one case of Autographs. In the entire collection there are four thousand separate works contained in six thousand five hundred volumes.

Amongst the private collections the most worthy of note are—the collection of Count J. de Fuchs, which numbers a thousand scores of concerted works. Also the collection of Mr. Alexander Fuchs, which exhibits more than five hundred Autographs of the principal musical composers; this Collection is unique in its way. Another remarkable collection is that of Mr. Francis Rzehaczek, which is composed of more than one hundred violins, viols, and violoncellos, by the first makers of Italy and Germany.

CROSBY HALL

Our readers, who are not indifferent to the preservation of the architectural gems of other days, will learn, with interest, that the restoration of Crosby Hall has been commenced; and the *surveillance* entrusted to an architect, whose discrimination and taste have been eminently displayed by his numerous works in the English style.—Mr. Blore's doings in the interior of Peterboro' Cathedral,* and at Lambeth Palace—not to multiply instances, (though we cannot omit the beautiful organ screen at Westminster)—warrant our confidence as to the faithful execution of the present undertaking.

"Crosby Place" has strong claims to our consideration, and is valuable in a professional point of view, for its intrinsic merit and the authenticated date of its erection. "A building so distinguished, though locally situated in the Metropolis, belongs to the kingdom at large; and not only to the kingdom, but to the world." This is borne out by the constant attention it receives from foreigners.

The existing remains are chiefly confined to the Hall, and what is called the Council-chamber (a name by the bye, which seems to accord with the assertion of its having been in the regal occupancy; though this is a point on which antiquaries are not quite agreed). These, however, probably exhibit the best architectural features of the edifice. Selections from the interior are delineated in Pugin's "Specimens of Gothic Architecture," but the plan of that work precluded a general view.

For the following description, we are indebted to Mr. Carlos,† a name intimately connected with our topographical antiquities.—"The matchless roof or ceiling, is decidedly one of the finest specimens of timber-work in existence. It differs from many other examples in respect of being an inner roof,—the generality of ancient coverings of the same material shewing the actual timbers of the roof set off with ornamental mouldings and additions. It is constructed of oak or chesnut, it is difficult to say which; the section shews a low pointed arch, approaching to an ellipsis, a form admirably calculated for the dissemination of sound. In plan it is made into eight divisions in length, and four in breadth, each of which compartments is again sub-

* See, Library of the Fine Arts, vol. I. p. 344.

† "Historical and Antiquarian notices of Crosby Hall," a little work cursorily noticed in our April number, containing much interesting information connected with the subject. Its author is a member of the committee for the restoration, among whom we are happy to observe the names of many distinguished in literature and art.

divided by moulded styles into four smaller divisions, or panels, as nearly square as the covering of the ceiling would admit. From the points of intersection of the main division hang pendants, which end in octagonal ornaments, pierced with small niches, each pendant forming the centre of four arches; so that in whatever point it is viewed, the design presents a series of arches of elegant construction, and, as lightness appears to be the characteristic of the entire composition, the spandrils of these arches are pierced with perpendicular trefoil headed niches. The principal timbers are ornamented with small flowers or knots of foliage in a hollow, and the whole springs from octangular corbels of stone attached to the piers between the windows; and here the superior taste of the architect is strikingly displayed, in the method by which he has avoided an horizontal impost to his ceiling, by constructing arches of timber corresponding with the ornamental portions of the roof above the lateral windows, and thus completely avoiding a horizontal line, which was as much the abomination of our ancient architects as it is the favourite of our modern ones. These arches are surmounted by an entablature of the most elegant design, consisting of a moulded architrave, a frieze of pierced quatrefoils in square panels, and an embattled cornice; each quatrefoil containing a small flower, of which fifty-six originally existed on each side of the Hall. The designs, notwithstanding the number were dissimilar. Of these tasteful ornaments only fourteen exist on the east side, and twenty on the west, many having been carried away by idle persons. It is greatly to be regretted, that a wanton spirit of destruction should exist in this country to an extent so great as almost to form a stigma on the national character; but it is to be hoped, that the universal diffusion of knowledge, so prevalent at this time, will give rise to better feelings. The *louvre* or lantern which forms so ornamental a feature in most of the ancient halls, the use of which was to allow the escape of the smoke from the fire, which was made on a hearth below it, is here situated in the centre of the fourth division of the ceiling from the south; it was hexagonal in plan, and the aperture is now closed by the same piece of wood-work which originally formed its roof.

Of the exterior we need say nothing as its features are rendered familiar by numerous engravings; and the elegant oriel (which, now the upper floor is removed, may be seen with full effect) is accurately represented in the "*Specimens*," as well as some excellent details from the council chamber, which we are sorry to observe presents in its actual state a most dilapidated appearance.—

T. M.

LINES TO SCULPTURE.

Thou loveliest Sister of the Nine !
 With so much grace thy fancy teems,
 That science hails the sculptor's art
 Coeval with the poet's dreams.

The marble is instinct with life,
 When moulded into shape by thee ;
 And our departed friends return
 Like phantoms of the memory.

Thy forms recall my spirit back
 To those Arcadian scenes of old,
 Whose vistas to the eye disclose
 The trees that bear their fruit of gold.

The vale* renown'd in classic song,
 The isle that gave a Homer birth,
 Are imaged by thy skilful hand,
 And emblematic of thy worth.

I feel restored to ages past,
 Sweet Sister of the Nine ! by thee ;
 When Praxiteles wrought the stone,
 Until it glow'd with harmony.

Thy gifted race shall still assert
 Their mastery o'er the human heart,
 And make the chisell'd bust proclaim
 The glorious triumphs of their art.

The storms of time shall ne'er destroy
 The genius kindled at thy shrine ;
 I, therefore, raise this votive song
 To thee—sweet Sister of the Nine !

King's College.

G. R. CARTER.

* The Vale of Tempé.

DRAMATIC LITERATURE.—No. IV.

THE softer graces of poetry are like flowers scattered over a mountain, whose wild fragrance recalls the sensations of the soul, and turns the human heart towards the social affections, and the tender springs of humanity. The sublime excitement, produced by the majesty of nature in its vastness, is thus beautifully mellowed down to thoughts and feelings of a chaste and elegant kind; and the wildness of the imagination is turned into the exquisite pleasures of a refined taste. Nor is the delight experienced by the mind the less for the novelty of the discovery, or the unexpected character of the scene; as to find the traces of cultivation in a desert land, or to view simple nature in her spontaneous efforts—where all had been else a dreary waste—is as gratifying to the fancy, as it is improving to the heart. In this way the more tender and pathetic passages of a tragic poet delight the mind; and when, in the whirlwind of his passions, he turns his thoughts towards a pathetic strain, and irradiates the gloomy character of his muse with the gentle rays of hope—when he departs from the appearances of an unalterable and unhappy destiny, and gently turns the stream of his thoughts to glance at distant happiness in an unclouded scene—we feel as though the paleness of winter were succeeded by the cheerful bloom of spring, and we, the spectators of the scene, were about to participate in the advantages of the change. For what being in the possession of sensible faculties, and whose heart can dilate with fervent emotion, and sympathise with the misfortunes of another, can view with a placid countenance, or unmoistened eye, the scenes of a well wrought tragedy. The illusion created by the artful construction of a plot, and the excellence of the representation are, perhaps for a time, more affecting than the sad realities of woe in common life; because there is a more powerful concentration of incidents forced on the mind, without such a diversion from the objects displayed. The effects thus produced are ever increased by occasional circumstances, which remind the spectator of the illusion, for it is not the complete awakening of the understanding from a dream, but a mere temporary relief of the faculties, calculated to increase anxiety, by the infusion of hope. The occasional relapse, from a knowledge that the scene is not real, into a secondary state of illusion increases the ideal picture; and we begin to hope that the catastrophe may not be so ill-fated as it promises. We have formed to ourselves a favourite character,—or an interesting trace of incidents affecting a plurality of characters in the drama,—we cherish a warmth of senti-

ment in their behalf, and we fear lest they should be the victims of other characters acting adversely to them. We are interested in the fate of a brave man struggling with misfortune, which, according to Seneca, is a becoming spectacle; and we feel a still greater emotion when the fate of a lovely female is involved in the dramatic detail. Such feelings as these are so natural to the mind, that we think it impossible for any person, however stoical, to be destitute of them; unless the heart be as corrupt and selfish, as the understanding is obtuse and unsusceptible of exciting influences. But it is the relief which the audience experience, by the exercise of the poet's genius, that illustrates the simile by which we have introduced this article; and the great improvement which marked the progress of the Greek drama, is evidenced in the superiority of Sophocles over Æschylus in this respect.

The tragical efforts of the Grecian Muse bear a resemblance to the qualities of the plastic art among them. Tragical imitation was ideal and rhythmical. Dignity and sweetness constituted the ideal; what belonged to the rythmical was perceptible in gestures, and the inflections of the voice in finely modulated tones, and expressive of more animation as well as solemnity and pathos than was expressed in real life. Individuality, with the ancients, in the mimic art, was an inferior consideration, and obtained less of their attention than the heroical grandeur and superhuman dignity with which they clothed the objects represented. The second quality was character, and the last was passion. We are not, however, to conclude from this that the Greek poets were contented with a cold and spiritless representation of the passions: whole lines of their tragedies were given to inarticulate expressions of pain unknown in modern languages. Still, however, the great essence of their tragedy was their poetry, and all the blandishments of the stage were rendered only subservient to it. In this respect the Grecian drama must have been altogether different from the modern opera, to which it has been compared, wherein the poetry is merely accessory, and the means of connecting the facts of the piece together. The luxurious competition of music, and the dazzling charms of decoration are the essential qualities of an opera. The recitative expressions of the opera are merely the filling up of the detached points, and the completion of the work from the poetic outline. As is justly observed by a celebrated author, "the anarchy of the arts is exemplified in the modern opera"—all of them are endeavouring to outvie each other and to revel in unconstrained luxury. And it is, as Schlegel remarks, "a fairy world not peopled by real men, but by a

singular kind of singing creatures." Such productions can bear no assimilation with the dignity of the Grecian tragedy, in its awful representation of unearthly objects, the lyric beauties of the muse, as exhibited in the chorus, or the struggles of suffering humanity under the influence of an uncontrollable destiny.

The high standard of the Grecian drama, having been fixed by *Æschylus*, it remained for emulative genius to aspire to excellence in the dramatic art by making the structure more complete in its details. *Æschylus* attained the highest sublimity, and continued unrivalled in that respect. The mythological character of his pieces had a tendency to create this sublimity, and the peculiarities of ancient taste is more distinctly observable in his productions than in those of any other poet. It is to be regretted that the native character of the tragic muse loses much of its dignity by refinement; till it eventually descends, from the loftiest pinnacle of ideal grandeur, into a whining and exclamatory display of passion. The grandeur, by which the genius of *Æschylus* was dignified, has been admirably expressed by Sir Walter Scott, in his *Essay on the Drama*, in the following words.—“At his summons, the mysterious and tremendous volume of destiny, in which are inscribed the doom of gods and men, seemed to display its leaves of iron before the appalled spectators; the more than mortal voices of deities, Titans, and departed heroes, were heard in awful conference; Olympus bowed, and its deities descended; earth yawned and gave up the pale spectres of the dead, and yet more undefined and grisly forms of those infernal deities who struck horror into the gods themselves. All this could only be dared and done by a poet of the highest order, confident, during that early age of enthusiasm, that he addressed an audience prompt to kindle at the heroic scene which he placed before them. It followed almost naturally, from his character, that the dramas of *Æschylus*, though full of terrible interest, should be deficient in grace and softness; that his sublime conciseness should deviate sometimes into harshness and obscurity; and that his plots should appear rude and inartificial, contrasted with those of his successors in the dramatic art. Still, however, *Æschylus* led not only the way in the noble career of the Grecian drama, but outstripped, in point of sublimity at least, those by whom he was followed.”

The more artificial construction of the dramas of *Sophocles* is evident, in the limitation of the choral dialogue, and the introduction of the pure Attic diction. He gave to the rhythmus a more exquisite polish, and introduced a greater number of characters, to which he

gave a greater developement. He also increased the contrivance of the fable, multiplied the incidents, and diffused over the action a greater degree of theatrical effect, by a more tranquil continuance of all its movements. A celebrated critic states, that he excelled Æschylus in points of a still more essential description, and proved himself deserving of the good fortune of having such a preceptor, and of entering into competition with him in the same subjects:—I mean the harmonious perfection of his mind, by which he fulfilled, from inclination, every duty prescribed by the laws of beauty, and of which the impulse was in him accompanied by the most clear consciousness. It was impossible to exceed Æschylus in boldness of conception; but Sophocles appears only less bold from his wisdom and moderation, as he always goes to work with the greatest energy, and perhaps with even a more determined severity, like a man who knows the extent of his powers, and is determined, when he does not exceed them, to stand up with the greater confidence for his rights. From the historical relation in which Sophocles stood to his predecessor, he was enabled to use all the advantages we have described; and in this sense Æschylus stands as "the rough designer, and Sophocles as the finished successor."

With Sophocles commenced a new era in the dramatic literature of the Greeks, and his productions were so highly appreciated by his countrymen, as to command their everlasting esteem; for, although Æschylus raised tragic poetry from the most rude beginnings, Sophocles adorned it with graces peculiar to himself. He possessed a mind fertile, which continued to the close of his life. Even in old age the sweet blossom of youth remained in all its delightful appearances, associated with a manly vigour and an undecaying ripeness. He had no affected sentimentality, but was imbued with a native sweetness and affection eminent to the highest degree. It was for this reason that the ancients gave him the appellation of the Attic bee, and esteemed him beyond any other tragic poet. He represented every thing more noble and beautiful than it appeared in real life; while he had no desire to emulate his predecessor in the terrifying vastness of his portraitures. In his delineation of character, he was peculiarly powerful and consistent; and terror formed a less ingredient than moral sympathy. He was, however, equally free from the errors of his successor Euripides; for he sought not to move by pity, nor to find an excuse, in the minds of his audience, on behalf of human frailty.

It is fortunate that in the few pieces of Sophocles which have with-

stood the wreck of time, we are enabled to recognize some which were regarded by the ancients as his greatest works. *Œdipus*, *Electra*, and *Antigone* have descended uncorrupted and unmutated from their original text. In the *Œdipus* we witness the artifice of the plot, and the perfection of the causes by which the catastrophe is brought about, by a succession of circumstances having a mutual dependence on each other. *Philoctetes* too has been much admired for its developement of character, and the contrast in the three leading portraits. But all his tragedies have peculiar excellencies, by which they are distinguishable; and thus was his master mind capable of avoiding the mannerism which prevails in the modern drama. *Œdipus Coloneus* contains the utmost sweetness of thought and expression; and is, perhaps, the most to be admired of all his pieces; as it conveys the most expressive indications of the mind and feelings of the poet. *Antigone* displays female heroism in the highest degree; and is, at the sametime, replete with soft and elegant sentiment. The *Trachinæ*, or the dying *Hercules*, has many points of excellence. The sufferings of *Hercules* are displayed with dignity; and the levity of *Dejanira* is portrayed without offence, as her death fully atones for it. *Electra* contains a very great degree of energy and pathos.

The story of *Œdipus* is one of the most extraordinary fables connected with ancient mythology. It was he who solved the riddle of *Sphinx* concerning human life. But his own fate remained an inextricable difficulty till the knowledge of it was obtained too late, and all was irretrievably lost. We are partially reconciled to the sacrifice of the first *Œdipus*, though his character stands high in estimation for his heroic zeal, and the fatherly care he manifests for the welfare of his people. We shall advert to this at some length in a future paper.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT SCENE IN PORTUGAL.

It was on the 4th day of June, in the year 1809, the natal anniversary of his most gracious majesty, George III. of glorious memory, that, after a pleasant and tolerably speedy voyage, I arrived at the capital of ancient Lusitania. The morning was delightful, not a cloud obscured the ethereal brightness of the azure sky—a gentle zephyr

cooled the atmosphere, whilst it scarcely rippled the current of the majestic Tagus, upon whose broad bosom floated several British vessels of war, many of which had served as convoy to a numerous fleet of transports laden with troops and stores for the augmentation and use of our forces in Portugal. The scene was magnificent beyond the power of description: the city presented the appearance of a vast amphitheatre, and being erected upon several hills, had (as viewed from the river) a very imposing and romantic effect. Its noble quays crowded with spectators to witness the disembarkation of the reinforcements—the joyous chiming of the bells from an hundred churches and convents—the repeated *feu de joie* fired by the garrison, answered by the more sonorous roar of the cannon from the different ports and shipping in the harbour—these last gaily dressed in the flags and streamers of the Allied Powers, in honour of the birth-day of the British sovereign,—altogether formed an exhilarating spectacle, well calculated to arouse the dormant energies of even the most apathetic mind. How greatly, therefore, must it have tended to increase the enthusiastic spirits of buoyant youth, at all times susceptible of an exciting influence, and whose plastic mould too readily admits the impression of the moment, and continues with obstinate tenacity to cherish the recollection, long after the hopes which it inspired have ceased to exist! 'Tis strange! yet so it is. The why? or the wherefore? let *philosophers* solve—If *they can*!

It was amid the animating scene which I have portrayed, with its various accompaniments, that I landed, and made my way (with some difficulty) through the narrow, dirty, and densely thronged streets, to the hotel, which (from the recommendation of a friend) I had previously selected as my residence during my anticipated short stay at Lisbon. With the assistance of a Gallego* (loaded with my baggage) I was enabled to reach my destination in time to partake of the festivities of a well furnished "Table d'Hôte," at which I found seated several of my newly arrived comrades, the greater part of whom belonged to the cavalry, and who, from the celerity with which the different viands disappeared, I could perceive had, like myself, brought with them an appetite for more substantial food than glory. Amongst the group of military who surrounded the cheerful board, there was one individual whose appearance particularly arrested my attention. His large and corpulent frame, forming a singular con-

* The porters in Lisbon, are invariably so termed, from the place of their nativity.

trast with the slender figures of the majority, who evidently appeared to regard their casual and bulky associate with feelings nearly allied to contempt. Although, to my inexperienced eye, the dress of this latter personage bore a striking analogy, in point of equipment, to the cavalry branch of our service, I was soon convinced that his tight blue silver-ribbed jacket, and other cavalier appendages, were insufficient to procure him, in the estimation of the company present, any other title than that of "*Non-descript*." In short, I discovered that my pursy neighbour, so endowed by nature with the Shakesperian property of "*Larding the lean earth*," was neither more nor less, than a lieutenant of that useful, though despised corps, cyleped the "*waggon train*," to which circumstance, conjoined with the very un-*aristocratical* appellation of "*John Smith*," he was, it seems, indebted for his unpopular reception. "*John Smith*" was, however, unconscious of, or wholly indifferent to, the frigid glances of the party, and continued to perform, with evident self-satisfaction, the pleasing task of mastication, ever and anon pausing to wipe from his brow the perspiration arising from the heat of the day and the violent exercise, which, nevertheless, he evinced no haste to suspend. I took advantage of one of the pauses which he made, *pour s'essuyer*, and invited him to join me in a glass of wine. He rested for a moment upon his arms, (his knife and fork,) contemplated me with apparent astonishment, (his mouth dilated to an immoderate width, betokening something of a grin,) and in a clear strong voice, ejaculating the word "*anan*," he resumed his predatory operations amid the laughter of all present, who appeared wonderfully amused by my defeat.

Having met so discourteous a return to my intended *politesse*, I concluded my repast without any further effort to humanize the unsocial "*waggoner*;" and the party having shortly afterwards dispersed, I had risen from my seat with the intention likewise of retiring, when Lieutenant "*John Smith*," who had by this time really grounded his arms, sounded a parley by thus addressing me—"So, young gentleman, the *dandies* have departed I perceive, and left us to our meditations:—so much the better! you were just now kind enough to ask me to pledge you in a glass of wine—I appreciate your motive, and thank you—but the truth is, I never drink until I have finished eating. I am, however, if agreeable, ready to join you in a *bottle* to our future good fellowship, the more especially, that I am led to believe you at least condemn that *esprit du corps* by which our late companions were actuated." I bowed an assent to his proposal, and resumed my chair. My new associate's rubicund face assumed a

look of good humoured hilarity, and whilst the waiter was executing our order for a sample of his best vintage, he began to make preparations for doing it justice, by divesting himself of his sash, and unbuttoning his vest, which, from the amazing protuberance that accrued from this simple operation, must have afforded him considerable relief. Whether the flavour of the wine caused me to over-rate his conversational powers, I cannot say, but by the time that we had commenced the discussion of our *third* bottle, I was perfectly ready to admit *à toute outrance*, that Lieutenant "John Smith" had wonderfully improved upon acquaintance. In short, we became so sociable in the course of the evening, that, ere we separated, I had accepted the offer which he made me, to start with him the following morning for the head quarters of the army—a proposition of some value to a poor ensign of infantry, since it embraced the necessary adjuncts of a saddle-horse, and conveyance for baggage, with both of which essentials I must otherwise have provided myself. As I laid my head upon my pillow that night, I acknowledged the truth of the French adage, "*ne juger pas des apparences, ils sont souvent trompeuses.*" I much doubt whether any of the military "exquisites," so superior, in their own conceit, to the plain and friendly hearted "waggoner," some of whom had even been "*mes compagnons de voyage,*" would have tendered me the same liberal and disinterested service! The regiment to which I had been appointed previously to my leaving England, formed, as I understood, one of the advance corps; and as it was expected that the whole of the army would, in a few days, enter Spain, I was naturally anxious to arrive at Abrantes, the British head quarters, with as little delay as possible. I arose, therefore, with the earliest dawn, and having partaken of a hurried breakfast with Lieutenant Smith, we proceeded on our journey. I was glad to find that my friend's "*Bucephalus*" was well suited to the burthen which he had to carry. He was a coal black steed of great strength and beauty, and appeared as though he and his master had been specially formed for each other. Our equipage consisted of *three* light spring waggons, drawn each by four horses, with two drivers, *en postillon*, escorted by an equal number of mounted soldiers, with the lieutenant's servant leading a sumpter mule, the last, not the *least*, necessary animal of the detachment, as we more than once experienced ere our journey terminated. We thus journeyed on with little intermission, save an occasional halt for the purpose of refection, from sunrise until sunset.

On arriving at the vicinity of "Torres Vedras," we could not

refrain from pausing to admire the natural bulwark, which the chain of heights presented for the defence of the capital, and which the military talent of the commander-in-chief shortly afterwards so improved by art, as to convert it into an almost impregnable barrier, subsequently destined to prove the futility of the *imperial mandate*, which, in all the arrogance of, till then, unchecked power, directed the French Marshal (Massena) "to drive the British into the Tagus," whose *premier coup d'œil*, however, of those formidable lines was sufficient to compel the avowal that, "an attempt to execute his master's orders would cost the sacrifice of at least, the half of his forces!"

Towards the close of the second day we reached the suburbs of "Santarem." The town itself was erected upon a considerable acclivity, and not wishing unnecessarily to fatigue our horses by its ascent, we decided upon seeking quarters for the night. By the assistance of the deputy *Juis da Fora*,* our party speedily found billets, whilst John Smith and myself were recommended by the same person to take up our lodging at a "Quinta" † close at hand which he eulogized as being better adapted for our accommodation, accordingly we proceeded thither followed by our servant with the mule. The "Quinta" it appeared had been the residence of one of those renegade *Hidalgos*‡ who had embraced the French interest, and who, on the defeat of Junot at "Vimeira" and his consequent convention § had escaped into France. It was a favourable specimen of the country Villa and farm-house combined, and seemed (an unusual occurrence) in tolerable repair. We were ushered by an old woman (apparently its sole occupant) into a spacious room, the flooring and wainscoting of which, were of polished oak, a large table of the same material, with a few chairs completed its furniture. On one side of the apartment, were two alcoves or recesses, something similar to those which in England generally contain a large buffet or sideboard, one of these, in the present instance, held a small low couch, and by a narrow door, or rather sliding-panel, communicated with a small chamber, in which was a bed better suited to my friend's dimensions; and which he accordingly selected as his dormitory. Having taken this cursory survey of our separate resting places, we eagerly turned to the discussion of the cold fare, which, by this time the servant had placed upon the table, and having given him his portion with a glass of spirits, we dismissed him to take charge of the horses, with a strict injunction,

* The Mayor, or Town Magistrate. † Country House.

‡ A Title in Portugal. § That of Cintra.

to accommodate himself as well as he could in the stable—a requisite precaution, since our Portuguese Allies seldom scrupled to avail themselves of an opportunity to steal our cattle. We were not long in concluding our repast, and having taken each a jorum of brandy and water, we betook ourselves to our respective cribs, my friend facetiously observing, that he trusted my repose would not be broken,—by visions of Lusitanian beauty—the ancient sybil, who had admitted us within the precincts of her temple, possessing deformity enough to scare the Urchin Deity from any attempt to invade the sanctity of our slumber.

Upon the chair, which the recess I have alluded to, just served to admit, I hung my sword, and placed my apparel and pistols—a precautionary measure, which the sequel proved I was wise in adopting. Over fatigue has ever had a sensible influence upon my rest—my day's march had been a weary one, and I lay for a considerable period restless and uneasy, endeavouring in vain to propitiate the God of sleep, though by the sound emitted from my friend's nasal organs it was (to me) disagreeably evident that to *him* at least, Morpheus had been more favourably disposed—the *fleas* too, those confounded pests of careless house-wifery, exerted their anti-somnific qualities, and I prayed for morning with the same fervent devotion, as does the long absent and storm-driven mariner for his native land. The moon shone in unclouded splendour, and her bright beams falling on the polished flooring of the outer apartment, gave it the semblance of a sea of liquid silver, upon whose mirrored surface every thing, even to the alcove, was vividly reflected.

I had thus lain during, probably, the space of three hours a prey to those unpleasant reveries which the wish, yet incapacity to rest usually engenders, when my attention was attracted by the opening of a door; my eyes were instantly directed towards the room I have described, and to my utter dismay could perceive traced upon the opposite panels, the shadow of a human form which appeared Tarquin-like with "*stealthy pace*" advancing towards my couch—the next moment a *second* figure became visible! I trust my courage as a soldier will not be impeached by the avowal, that my *first* sensation was that of uncontrollable alarm—a few minutes previously I had felt oppressed by heat:—in an instant the current of my blood seemed turned to ice—a chilly tremor shot through my entire frame, and occasioned an almost insupportable agony! I knew that I was in a country where assassination (an event of common occurrence) is ever the prologue to robbery, and I could not mistake the object of

my present invaders—I already detected the gleam of the poniard that was to sever the frail thread of my existence ! Any attempt to arouse *Smith* (who still continued to give most sonorous proof of the profundity of his repose) would have enhanced the danger that menaced us. Prompt decision was requisite, and the very *extremity* of the peril nerved my soul with resolution to meet it.—I grasped my pistols, and cocking them with as little noise as possible, with suspended respiration and seated in my bed, I awaited the approach of my foes. I suffered the foremost to attain the entrance to the alcove, and then with steady and deliberate aim, I *fired* ! A groan, succeeded by a heavy fall, evinced that I had not erred in my mark. I rushed forth (my remaining weapon in my hand) cleared the prostrate body at a bound, and beheld the associate villain in the act of escaping. I again *fired*, but this time without effect. The report of my pistols had effectually silenced my friends snoring.—In his anxiety to fly to my assistance he had precipitated himself into the narrow door-way, and not having justly calculated his size, or the impetus by which he was projected, had become jammed in betwixt the panels, roaring with pain and rage, his naked sabre in one hand, and pistol in the other, presenting on the whole, (with the exception of his corporeal grossness) no bad type of the exterminating angel, and to which his vociferous denunciations gave additional resemblance. My flint and steel soon produced us a light, and by the aid of the servant (who on hearing the noise had hastened to join us) “*John Smith*” was with some difficulty extricated from his ludicrous position. On examination, we found that the ball had perforated the right knee-pan of the intended assassin, who remained, however, obstinately silent to all our questions. The old woman had disappeared which left no doubt of her guilty participation. We resumed our journey at day-break, and reported the occurrence of the night to the magistrate in our passage through the town ; but declined to prosecute, on account of the delay which it must necessarily have occasioned. I need not relate the grateful thanks lavished upon me by the lieutenant, who insisted upon terming me the preserver of his life : I will merely say, that had “*John Smith*” occupied the alcove, or had I slept as soundly as *he*, it is more than probable that the present tale could never have been *written*, and thou, courteous reader, would have been consequently deprived of the few brief moments of amusement which I now venture to hope its perusal may afford thee.

G. B. H.

SONNET.

Ah! what is Friendship, but a sordid name,—
 A spark that kindles no celestial fire;
 'Tis won or lost without the soul's desire,
 As chance may dictate, circumstance, or fame.
 Will Damon now, or Pythias, dare to die
 To save his friend from ignominious fate,
 And firm and manly, as he did of late,
 A hostage prove when peril's hour draws nigh?
 Oh! no—man has decay'd since Classic times,
 Nor love, nor glory animates his breast,
 Ambition's fop, or changeling fashion's child,
 Cold, selfish, hateful, and unfit for rhymes
 From any Muse, save that by wealth carest—
 The city Muse, that treads no mountain wild.

Islington.

W. L. T.

ON THE ELUCIDATION OF ART.

Sir,

It has long occurred to me, that your artistical correspondents might furnish us (your readers) with much valuable and entertaining information on the subject of painting, by occasionally taking up some rule of art, and instancing its application, in works emulated by genius, and approved by time. I have, indeed, indulged a wish that your illustrated articles should take this turn; as it would, I conceive, at once gratify the veteran connoisseur, and materially facilitate the amateur in acquiring a correct gusto.

" Say, what is taste, but the internal powers
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deformed, or disarranged, or gross
 In species?

* * * * *

different minds

Incline to different objects: one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
 Another sighs for harmony and grace,
 And gentlest beauty."

Now, one may accord with this, and yet be disposed to take, in a literal sense, the adage—*De gustibus non est disputandum*: for perfection may be different in kind, but not in degree; and I incline to insist (in the words of a sprightly writer, I believe Charles Lamb) “that a man either *has* a taste for truth and beauty, or he has it not; and that he who prefers falsehood and deformity, or even the lesser degree of beauty to the greater, does so—not because he sees with another eye, but—because he does not see at all; not because his faculties are different, but because they are defective.” But to return.—

If I may be allowed, in exemplification of my scheme, to touch upon a subject to which I acknowledge the most perfect inability to do justice; I would notice the popular practice of the greatest masters to adopt some simple figure, as a square or circle, for the basis of their intended composition; in which all the objects were arranged; although, to a cursory observer, this geometrical disposition may not be apparent in the perspective representation. Raphael preferred a circle, and in his “Death of Ananias” seems to have carried the principle to the fullest extent, compatible with pictorial effect. The grouping and balance of this celebrated composition, too, are as determinate and distinct as they are admirable.

In the grand picture of the “School of Athens,” by the same master; in his “Elymas the sorcerer, struck with blindness;” and others of his subjects, the circular arrangement is readily perceived; and the works of Rubens, Poussin, &c. present parallel examples. Other rules equally essential to simplicity and beauty, might be pointed out; but the present attempt is intended, only, as the faint shadowing of what a skilful pencil might render an harmonious and interesting feature of a work devoted to the furtherance of art; an end that cannot, perhaps, be attained by any other means than that of rendering its appreciation more universal; and how are we to appreciate what we do not understand?

If I am so fortunate as to draw the attention of some able correspondent to the subject, I shall have fully accomplished my purpose, and am,

With great respect,

Yours Sincerely,

T. M.

JOINT STOCK BANKING;

*Considered in relation to the London and Westminster Bank
recently established.*

"O hateful error, melancholy child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not! O error, sore conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee."

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN a Metropolitan Joint Stock Bank was first spoken of, it was to be expected that ingenuity of argument, and malevolence of expression would be arrayed against the proposal. Men are so blind to the interests of the community when their own individual concerns are apparently involved, that the selfishness of their nature is, alas! too frequently manifested. This waywardness of disposition, and this abominable manifestation of it are the concomitants of contracted minds, who are insensible to their own ultimate advantages, and only regard the present construction of society in relation to their own schemes. They are insensible, to a far greater degree, to the wants of their fellow creatures; and risk their reputation with the world for the sake of advocating their own peculiar views. If you speak of the progressive improvement of society, to such people, they tell you it is nonsense, and that human nature is ever the same; and if you point to particular instances, as the signs of the times, they pronounce such appearances to be popular fallacies, and wonder that a man of mind, like yourself, can be carried down the stream of prevalent opinion. Such people speak of good old times with rapture:—and when you point to a particular period, wherein there has been a deviation from prosperity, they are ever ready with excuses to justify the change, and tell you that such calamities, as you are describing, can never happen again—unless public opinion gain the ascendancy over that of the exclusive few, whose ideas are beyond prejudice; but what are liberal opinions when opposed to wealth, but the fond dreams of an imaginative existence? In the language of Blackstone—There is nothing which so generally strikes the imagination, and engages the affections of mankind as the right of property; of that sole and despotic dominion, which one man claims, and exercises over the external things of the world, in total exclusion of the right of any other individual in the universe. And yet there are very few who will give themselves the trouble to consider the origin and foun-

dation of this right, Pleased as we are with the *possession*, we seem afraid to look back to the *means* by which it was acquired, as if fearful of some defect in our title; or at least we rest satisfied with the decision of the laws in our favour, without examining the reason or authority upon which those laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor, by descent from our ancestors, or by the last will and testament of the dying owner; not caring to reflect that (accurately and strictly speaking) there is *no foundation in nature*, or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land; why the son should have a right to exclude his fellow creatures from a determinate spot of ground, because his father had done so before him; or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel, when lying on his death bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world which of them should enjoy it after him. These inquiries, it must be owned, would be useless and even troublesome in common life. It is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reasons for making them. But when law is to be considered not only as matter of practice, but also as a rational science, it cannot be improper, or useless, to examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds of these positive constitutions of society." This latter quotation, together with the sentiment which we have previously introduced from our immortal bard, shall form the basis of the present article: and we shall endeavour to grapple with the advocates of old received opinions, as with prejudiced beings, whose theory is founded in error, and with the declaimers for vested interests, as with the mass of mankind, who are incapable of judging of the constitution of society.

The idea of exclusive rights as referable to commerce is delusive and founded in error; and the mind which is incapable of estimating the advantages of progressive improvement is dark and prejudiced. In a commercial country, like Britain, we expect to find enlightened views on all subject; and are disgusted when people, who ought to propound the fruits of sound practical experience, delude us by false reasoning, or appeal to our fears and our prejudices, by exercising the weapon of ignorant nurses towards noisy children. We can better excuse the malevolence of opposition to enlightened views, than the childish folly that would appeal to our fears. Common place aphorisms are peculiarly annoying: like mean and vulgar sentiments they disgust, as would the cankering surface on exposed metals: they appear to be mildewed or rusted by age. Of this character is the city sentiment quoted by the

writer of a pamphlet entitled "*Hints* by way of warning on the legal, practical, and mercantile difficulties, attending the foundation and management of Joint Stock Banks." That writer who calls himself "the Resident Director of the Asylum Foreign and Domestic Life Assurance Company," uses a quotation put into the mouth of the grotesque character of Baillie Nicol Jarvie in the *Rob Roy* of Sir Walter Scott; and we think that the motto presents a pretty accurate view of the mind of the pamphleteer. Imagine the absurdity of telling a man in his right senses not to walk over a precipice in broad day light,—not to tread upon ice till it be of sufficient thickness, or not to handle hot coals lest, peradventure, they should burn your fingers—and a thousand other common-place maudlin cautions.—Are they not calculated to give you a very contemptible opinion of the speaker? It seems, indeed, with some people according to the opinion of Dogberry that "reading and writing come by nature," and that little reflection, or thoughtful exercise, is required to write on popular subjects. "Never stretch your arm further than you can conveniently draw it back again." Oh how prudent—how philosophical—how classically elegant is this expression! It is decidedly the most tradesman-like aphorism that ever emanated from the mind of Sir Walter Scott. It certainly has no mountain freshness in it—no sentiment of impassioned greatness, nor of gentle commiseration.—We do not wish, however, to be understood as speaking irreverently of the departed poet and novelist; the expression was suitable, and in character from him, who dramatised life and painted nature in delightful fictions blended with reality—

" Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
His lengthened bright career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful lays."

But enough: we merely wish to state that the sentiment displays the character of the Pamphleteer's mind, who devoted a few hours to literary recreation, from the arduous duties of a *Director of a Joint Stock Company*, to attack joint stock banks. "*HINTS*" the writer is pleased to term them, and "*HINTS*" of a certain kind they undoubtedly are; but not of the kind we could have expected from a Resident Director of a Joint Stock Assurance Office in the nineteenth century. "*Hints*" indeed they are, and pretty broad ones too, of his total incapacity to see the tendency of his own statements, and arguments; for it is only necessary to place there in juxtaposition, to prove, to the meanest capacity, that the inferences, which he so confidently parades before

the public are inconsistent with each other. The conclusions of his "hints" are directly at variance with each other, and are founded on reasoning equally opposed in its parts: and this we hope to shew in the course of our remarks.

This Tontine author of the "hints" has found it impossible to conceal the sinister influence under which he writes: and it is a pity, for his own sake, and that of the establishment to which he belongs, that he had not the prudence to conceal his name, or the dignified appurtenance to it, *the style, title, and distinction of Resident-Director of the Asylum Foreign and Domestic Life Assurance Company*. It shall be our object to expose the fallacy of his assertions,—for arguments we cannot call them—though we presume that he is the redoubtable champion of the London private bankers. We must premise, however, that although his pamphlet has reached a second edition, we know how to estimate its worth, without any other test, than its own evidence: for we are aware that the advocacy of any individual, much more the Resident Director of the Asylum Foreign and Domestic Life Assurance Company, would be sure to meet with patronage from so powerful a body as the metropolitan private bankers—even if he wrote the most utter nonsense. It is peculiarly unfortunate for that wealthy portion of the community that they have not found a more able advocate; but they may console themselves by the circumstance of having procured a member of a Joint Stock Company, to write against Joint Stock Institutions.

We know not if the other directors of the Asylum Foreign and Domestic Life Assurance Company approve of the attempt thus made to stultify themselves: but, judging, from probabilities, according to the common experience of life, it is not reasonable that they can admire the designation of, "Charnel House," as applicable to their own establishment, seeing that they, with similar institutions, must all share the honours connected with that elegant epithet.

If the reasoning of the Resident-Director had been as potent, as his language is virulent, we should have had much to contend against: but, happily for the British public, "nature has not given him an understanding qualified to keep pace with the dictates of his heart."

Joint Stock Banking claims attention on three important grounds—*Public Policy, Private Convenience, and General and Improved Security*.

With regard to public policy, there can be little doubt that any means by which capital can be generally diffused must have a beneficial tendency. That the present system of banking affords no faci-

lity to the minor description of tradesmen is a fact perfectly obvious. Every day's experience proves the sacrifices which such people are making to meet their engagements. Credit is indispensable; and punctuality is as important to maintain it. Prudence cannot always guard against loss; but fortune may be retrieved by perseverance when opportunity is afforded. According to the present system of banking this opportunity is denied: discounts are not to be procured on small paper, except through private channels; and banking accounts are not acceptable, unless the customer can afford to leave a large balance in the hands of his banker. Mr. Gilbert in his valuable treatise on banking, illustrates this point in the following words:— "The London bankers differ very much from the Scotch bankers in the estimation they form of a person's account. Suppose a person kept a thousand pounds in his banker's hands, and did not draw above two or three cheques in a year, this would be called a *dead account*. Let another person keep the same balance, but pay in and draw out every day. This would be a *running account*, or, as the Scotch banker would say, an *operating account*. In London the dead account would be deemed the better of the two; but in Scotland the operating account would be preferred."

It is stated, by a writer in favour of Joint Stock Banking, that "the shopkeepers and tradesmen and other industrious classes in and about the Metropolis justly complain, that, by the present system of banking, they are deprived of many of the facilities and advantages enjoyed by the people of Scotland."* We believe in the truth of this assertion. Indeed, it is obvious that persons composing the smaller class of traders are, at this time, enduring very great privations. Every transition of commerce affects them most seriously, and, as the same able writer observes, it is they who in times of pressure or difficulty are the least able to carry on their business to advantage; or to support heavy burdens. How different is the case at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and other places, where Joint Stock Banks are now established? There the health of the body politic is preserved by regarding the wants of its members: but here crime is increased, and a diseased state of society ensues, because they are neglected. If a man in business want money to meet his engagements and cannot obtain it by the legitimate means of discounting, he will at first sacrifice his profits, and then make sales under prime cost to sustain a temporary credit. The fleeting shadow pre-

* See a pamphlet entitled "The Safety and Advantages of Joint Stock Banking, by an Accountant." Ridgway, 1833. (Second Edition.)

sented to his mind is created by distant hopes, again to be disappointed, —until at length his feelings of honesty are frittered away, and necessity makes him the creature of false expedients. He then buys goods of one man to pay the debts due to another, and deludes himself by the idea that the claims of his family for support should make him reckless of consequences: until at length he is driven into a vortex of inextricable difficulties, and sinks into ruin! How many instances are there on record of blasted reputation caused by one false movement in commerce? The purchase of too large a stock of goods for instance, without the ability to sell them—a miscalculation of the caprice of fashion—unfavourable weather,—and numerous other causes may cause a temporary embarrassment, which, if not relieved, will assuredly lead to destruction. But the evil might be averted if discounts could be obtained; or if the system of cash credits adopted in Scotland were acted upon. The writer of the pamphlet, to which we have last alluded, states, that “That the system of cash credits has been productive of the most beneficial results. It has, in Scotland, enabled thousands of industrious young men of good character to acquire wealth and respectability. The person who procures a cash credit, does so upon the security of, at least, two substantial individuals, and, once granted, it is at the grantee’s option to draw for the whole, or any part, at such times as he may think proper; and, in like manner, he may pay back the whole, or any part at his own convenience. He has never more from the bank, than is absolutely necessary for carrying on his business; and, of course, he only pays interest upon such sums as are beneficially employed therein. How many thousands of industrious young tradesmen, shopkeepers and others, are there in this metropolis, who, could they occasionally obtain this accommodation even for a month or two, would, in the purchase or payment of goods, save double or triple the interest that would be chargeable by the bank.” We shall be told, perhaps, that such a system would lead to improper speculation; but this a mere chimera. The moral check imposed on mankind is always the greater in proportion to the stake they feel that they have in society. When men are sensible that they have every thing to lose by improvidence and rash enterprise—when they are, moreover, made sensible that their reputation is injured, and their credit endangered by such characteristics—it cannot be supposed that they will readily sacrifice their future advantages, grounded on certainty, for one speculative and chance transaction. With regard to Scotland, it is manifest, by a reference to Parliamentary evidence, that the moral check is powerfully felt in such instances.

That the public require some better system, than the present mode of banking is evident, from the language of the last act of Parliament declaring the legality of Joint Stock Banks. Let us view the advantage that must result to those who would deposit money. How frequently are persons in possession of a sum of money which they have no immediate occasion for, but which may be required, at a short period, to be put into active employment. The writer of a pamphlet, entitled "*Remarks on Joint Stock Banks*," (the last pamphlet which, we believe, has been published on the subject,) puts a very fair case:—"Supposing a gentleman sells out of the funds £20,000, or £30,000, to pay for an estate which he has purchased. His legal adviser will not allow him to pay it over, because something is wanted to perfect the title:—the execution of some trustee who cannot be got at, or some piece of evidence which cannot be obtained—and the seller cannot quite make out what he has undertaken to do—namely, a marketable title:—having, in fact, sold what he had not yet got. The purchaser does not know what to do with his money, and the seller labours under the *notice* which has been given him, of the money lying dead. Where would either of them elect to have it placed? In the hands of a private? or those of such a joint-stock bank, in which he might have a voice in the safe keeping of his own money." The answer is obvious, the private banker allows him no interest; the joint-stock banker allows him interest. But, says the timorous advocate of private bankers, "there is no safety in joint-stock banks!" We will endeavour to analyse a few of the objections of this *Director*, as they arise.

That he is a short-sighted advocate, we think that we shall be able to prove before we have done with him. Let us first notice his legal objection. At page 9 of his pamphlet, he attacks the Attorney and the Solicitor General, for their opinion in reference to Joint Stock Banks. "The distinction," says he, "between a company having a power of suing and being sued in the name of one of its officers, and a corporate body, is certainly glanced at in the opinion, but the points of difference are not explained, so that a casual reader would scarcely think the distinction material:" and then he alludes to the decision of Lord Eldon, in *Davis v. Fisk*, as to the difficulty of partners in a Joint Stock Bank recovering from each other. But can the public, with the example of the banks of Scotland before them, entertain this fallacy? In Scotland there were thirty banks, only three of which were chartered, and in one of which the partners were 1000 in number, and in several others 300. Of course, the liability was joint,

and several from all and every partner to the others; and, as is justly observed by a writer on the subject—"They were living under laws for the recovery of debt, infinitely more speedy and severe in their operation and execution, than those of this country: yet these bankers, in spite of their dangers and impediments—these Scotchmen, having justly the character of being excessively prudent and cautious—were seen to join, and remain gladly in these banks, and would not part with their shares, however horrible and distressing the impediments and dangers surrounding them, without being paid a handsome premium for every share they possessed. No anxiety was displayed, to use the language of the most absurd of those who have attacked Joint Stock Banks, to make their bargain a profit to others; nor is such anxiety now to be found." The difference between a chartered company, and one having no charter, merely consists in the mode of suing. In a chartered company the *officer* is sued; but if it be necessary to levy an execution for the amount of a judgment, every individual member is as much liable, as in the case of an unchartered company. But the deed of Settlement executed by the parties operates as a mutual agreement and guarantee, so that each shareholder shall pay no more than the amount of his share. The Bank of England stands in no better situation. In fact, the holders of Bank stock are much worse situated; for there is the same liability, and no deed of settlement or mutual indemnification.

The resident director of the Asylum states, in page 15, that "the inconvenience and disquietude which a man would labour under, if he were aware of the responsibility attaching to him, cannot be adequately described; and it would be difficult to fix a limit to resulting consequences." The answer we make is, that the Joint Stock Banks of England, and the Provincial Joint Stock Bank of Ireland, "are all in the same situation." There, proprietors have no alarm of legal proceedings—no phantoms of writs, judgments, executions &c. cross their minds, in reference to these institutions: and as to the idea of their making a *gift* of their share from the horror of responsibility, (stated by this director), the "hint" is so utterly absurd, that if it were proposed to any one of their members, he would think the inquirer neither sincere nor sane.

The resident director (p. 16.) thus expresses himself, with the characteristic imagery of an *Alarmist*, "Little could he (the shareholder of a Joint Stock Bank) fancy, at the moment, that, if satisfaction of the judgment should be delayed, either by the want of funds, or by the contumacy of those who control them, the very bed

on which he slept might be seized on for the amount; nay, that the *knocker* at his hall-door might shortly announce the arrival of the holder of a writ of execution, by which his person must be imprisoned, if the money should not be paid." The answer to this *heart-rending* allusion is to be found in the *experience* relating to Joint Stock Banks. They pay their debts, and, therefore, the shareholders hear nothing of judgments and executions: and these are very few, for public bodies are not fond of law. They will not "shuffle and quibble;" and, with the airs of a petty attorney, strain their ingenuity to find an excuse for delay or litigation. It may, and is, sometimes necessary for them to defend themselves before the legal tribunals of their country; because questions of doubtful claim will, and must, arise, according to the progress of all human affairs. But the necessity is painful; the evil is known to be pernicious; and the good doubtful, even in the event of a successful issue. Therefore it is, that Joint Stock Banks seldom become plaintiffs or defendants at law or in equity.

The "Director" (in p. 17.) states the improbability that a Deposit Bank in the present day, can procure an act, granting a power of suing and being sued by one of its officers; and seems to attach a vast importance to this impediment. Is it reasonable, we ask, that government could refuse such a privilege? Would it not be an act of gross injustice and inconsistency, if such a refusal were made after the declaration in the last Bank Act that—"any body politic, or corporate, or society, or company, or partnership, although consisting of more than six persons, may carry on the trade of Banking in London, and sixty-five miles round it!" We agree in the sentiment expressed in the pamphlet by an *Accountant*, before alluded to, that government would stultify themselves by such a gross act of injustice, as to refuse a numerous, wealthy, and highly respectable body, such as the London and Westminster Bank, associated for a purpose beneficial to the government and the community at large, that common privilege, which has not been denied to any similar establishment in Scotland, or to those which have been formed in England beyond the previously proscribed circle."

If government had so intended, no declaration concerning Joint Stock Banks would have been made in the Act of Parliament, but the rights of such establishments would have been left, as heretofore to doubtful inference. But if the government could refuse such a privilege, still the deed of settlement might be made to answer all purposes, and, if necessary, liabilities to customers might be limited by notice in writing.

When the director also speaks of "loss and endless squabbles among the shareholders themselves," and, for proof, urges that the laws of England relating to partnerships are in a very imperfect state—he should have considered—that such an argument would have been good in attacking a government, which had allowed the laws so long to remain in a barbarous state;—but, that an inference from them that the difficulties thereby created are insuperable is opposed to all experience. How many unincorporated Joint Stock Companies for various purposes, particularly for Fire and Life assurance, are there existing at the present moment, and in a flourishing condition? The answer to the question is a complete refutation of the position assumed by the author of the "Hints." But it is supposed there is an important difference, as to responsibility, between Fire and Life Assurance Companies, and Joint Stock Banks. The former, it is said, and said truly, limit the responsibility of each shareholder by the conditions of the policies, and it is inferred that no means can be adopted of limiting, in like manner, the responsibility of each of the proprietors of a Joint Stock Bank. Why not? we ask.—Could not they deal with their customers on terms expressed in writing to the like effect? It is manifest that they could, if it should be deemed *necessary*. We are not going to parade before the public long quotations from Lord Eldon's judgments as Mr. Farren does:—quotations, by the bye, which tell, when understood in all their bearings, the reverse way to that which Mr. Farren intended they should. But we give it as our decided opinion that the responsibility might be as effectually, and easily, limited, as the responsibility of coach proprietors—to take a common example—by the means which they adopt. It is scarcely necessary to allude further to the pains which Mr. Farren takes to horrify his readers by a lengthened detail of the consequences of a man having an execution against him by an unrelenting creditor, when he has not the means of satisfying a judgment. Flimsy indeed must be those objections, which require the aid of such absurd exaggeration. But we *must* revert to the "endless squabbles, &c." Do we hear of these *endless squabbles* among the shareholders of the existing Joint Stock Associations? How much more of sincerity would Mr. Farren have evinced, if he had given a *list* of the existing Joint Stock Associations, and stated *how often* the shareholders in them, had, during the existence of the respective companies, been engaged in *squabbling* with each other, not to say "*endless squabbling*." But though this would have evinced more sincerity, it would not have so well supported the

conclusions he has been employed, or impelled, to maintain: nay—it would have completely negatived them.

Persons may, then, belong to these associations as proprietors, without any of those fears Mr. Farren labours so hard to excite; and the present monopolizers may console themselves, as well as they can, under their utter disappointment at the non-success of their injudicious advocate. Now for Mr. Farren's "illustration of legal impediments by *familiar examples*," viz.—"Suppose a proprietor, holding shares, by which he is constituted a partner, also paying in money to the Bank as a customer." "How," says Mr. Farren, "could he withdraw his deposit? Or rather, how could he enforce its payment if withheld from him? He could not sue his partners at law; and the difficulties of bringing the proper parties before a court of *equity*, have already been represented in the judgment of Lord Eldon in *Davis versus Fisk*"—We ask Mr. Farren if it is not *barely possible* that there might be trustees appointed to sue and be sued. And, when Mr. Farren says, that the property of the partners may not be sufficient,—is he not assuming pauperism upon rather too extensive a scale. Only imagine, gentle reader, (as poor Smollet would say) sixty thousand partners of a Joint Stock Bank *insolvent*. All insolvent! Pray, Mr. Farren—may not six partners in a private Bank be insolvent? But we have not patience to pursue this fragile part of the subject farther.

Equally futile is the argument—that it is necessary for a *Bank of Deposit* to pay up all its subscribers capital. Such may, indeed, be necessary in *Banks of Issue*: but it would tend to a loss, if it were required in Banks of Deposit, who must make a profit by means of their customers' money to pay them their interest.

Mr Farren states (in p. 21) that the legislature had in view, by the Act of the 7th Geo. 4th, to establish in England, a secure and sound system of banking; and then, he goes on to speak of establishing companies "*on credit, for the purpose of realising, &c.*" We will answer him on this point, and all the other points in his pamphlet, in a future article. In the mean time, we cannot but say that we condemn his fears, and despise his illiberality—in talking of people running away with money, &c. If all persons of capital acted upon such mean opinions, public confidence would be lost; and individual honesty never could be appreciated, because it would never be trusted. Wealth then would be a curse, and, in the language of Gay, it might be said

that there would be more security in poverty.—Mr. Farren might then sing a requiem in such a strain as this.—

“———Safe poverty was ne'er the villain's prey,
At home he lies in easy sleep
No bars his ivy mantled cottage keep ;
No thieves, in dreams, the fancied dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold ;
Nor starts he from his couch aghast and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale,
Whilst he, whose iron coffers rust with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof, deceit and stealth ;
Treachery, with lurking pace, frequents his walks,
And close behind him horrid murder stalks. ”

(To be continued.)

A REMINISCENCE.

I have pass'd through the garden so lately the seat,
Of all that was lovely, enchanting and sweet,
But ah ! what a change there is now to deplore,
The spot once so charming can charm us no more !
No longer the rose and the lily combine,
In the soul soothing lustre of beauty divine ;
But dark shrivelled leaves lie here strew'd in their stead,
For the sweets of the garden are wither'd and fled.
And mute are those songsters whose music refin'd,
Delighted the soul and gave peace to the mind ;
And ceased are their matin—their evening song,
For the notes of the warblers are silent and gone.
And thus will it be when affection no more,
Shall cherish those bosoms she smil'd on before ;
The weary-worn pilgrim shall bow to his doom,
And forget life's frail sweets in the sleep of the tomb.

L. Spence

THE PEACH.

I was born on a day of blossomy Spring,
 When the skylark first outspreads his wing ;
 When he highest can soar, and sweetest sing.

Where the sun shines brightest,

The Zephyr breathes lightest,

Where the butterflies play,

The honey bees stray,

There I bask'd the Summer long day :

And every morning, fresh and new,

I drank full draughts of the choicest dew,

And the Summer roll'd on full gay :

But the sun shone bright,

And the Zephyr breath'd light,

And I drank the dew,

So fresh and so new,

To heighten my bloom,

To enrich my perfume,

And ripen me, flavour me, Lady for you.

Then here I lie your humble slave,

And this is the only boon I crave,

That you praise my perfume,

My flavour, my bloom,

When you lay me at last in my coral grave.

Homerton.

JAMES EDMESTON.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CHURCH AT CAMBERWELL.

THE contemplation of Architectural Antiquity is one of the most delightful occupations in which the Student can possibly be engaged. The field of its science is wide and extensive, every city and town of this happy and highly gifted country affording specimens of the skill of our ancestors. Not because he can no longer view

“ The long drawn aisle and fretted vault ”—

is the meditator lost either in the village or the hamlet; for even there the piety of our forefathers stands recorded by many a beautiful and simple pile, wherein the rustic of former days offered up the incense of his soul in unaffected prayer to heaven, and near whose walls the mortal remains of many a generation have long since mouldered away beneath the turf by which they are surrounded.

As a few of these latter edifices are yet to be met with in the vicinity of the metropolis, I shall, should it prove agreeable to the readers of this work, endeavour to lay before them from time to time, the result of such researches as it may be in my power to make; and inasmuch as we blame not our cook because the dainty viand placed before us was before his or her ministry wholly unfitted for the exercise of our willing capacities, so do I hope that this, and future similar papers may not be the less acceptable, because the matter in which they may have originated has possibly been invested in the ruder garb of quaintness or antiquity.

It would not be easy to determine the exact period when the village of Camberwell first arose. Many antiquaries are of opinion that it is of Roman origin, and adduce as proof the discovery in 1809 of a causeway fifteen feet below the surface, while digging the Surry canal; they presume that as this causeway took a direction through the marshes in this parish, the Romans had a ford over the Thames near this place; however that may be, we are certain of its existence at the Norman survey, for in Domesday book we read that “ Haimo^{x2} the sheriff held Cambrewelle, Norman held it of king Edward.” And if further proof were necessary, by reference to that ancient work, we find that “ there was a church and sixty-three acres of meadow,” probably belonging to it. It was moreover a rising place, for the conqueror added one virgate or twenty-four acres of land to the quan-

VOL. III.

D

^{x1} a Person so called
^{x2} from him it descended to his Son Robert Fitzhamon, founder of Tewkesbury Abbey
 he died 1107 & it was afterwards vested in his daughter Matilda wife of Robert Lord of Gloucester

tity for which it had been taxed in the time of the Confessor, and it was computed to have risen in value £2.* when the Norman dynasty commenced.

This village is called Camberwell from a mineral spring or well in the vicinity, and there is not perhaps any other place in the kingdom the name of which has come down to us with so little variation. In the time of Stephen, and during some of the middle ages, it appears to have been called Camerwell; but at the present day it has recovered its ancient Saxon appellation, and the same sound reverberates through modern ears, which may once have pervaded those of many a warlike follower of the gallant though ill-starred Harold.

The exterior of the church does not present any attractions to the antiquary, the original edifice having been rough cast, and the windows, those certain data of a building's age, completely remodelled; we may, however, except the recent additions, which are tolerably good. The north porch has several curious casts of heads, &c. from Westminster Abbey, but the arch by no means assimilates with the other parts of the building, it being elliptical. On entering the church the visitor is struck with the excellence of its present judicious arrangements. We may almost fancy that those ancient days are returned when the pillars were seen from the pavement to the arch, and the votaries of Roman Catholicism changed their positions from shrine to shrine according as the officiating priests poured forth their orisons before each separate saint. The pews are so disposed that the faces of the congregation are all directed towards the pulpit; they are too all of one height and we now vainly look for those six feet wainscotings of oak wherein many of us, when little boys, have seen the *nemo tams* of the parish sitting in terrible majesty, and which we should then have approached with feelings similar to those with which we now venture near the like shaped dens of the respected inhabitants of the Surry Zoological Gardens. The church is built in the usual form, with a nave, chancel, and side aisles, and a square tower at the west-end. Some writers have endeavoured to obtain for it the reputation of extreme antiquity, but nothing is now left to warrant the admission of such an hypothesis. Lysons says that the present structure is of the time of Henry VIII. only, and adduces as a proof the insertion of the date 1520, which was formerly in the east window of the north aisle,† but this the monument of Richard Skinner bearing date 1407 completely refutes; not that so early a period can certainly or with probability be assigned to the building on that account, because all anti-

* Equivalent to £120. present money.

† Aubrey.

quaries agree that a most flagrant error of the engraver remains on the monumental brass, for Richard Skinner is known to have been bound in a recognizance so late as 1467.* Perhaps the best criterion which can be obtained is in the only portions which plaster whitewash and alteration have left for our consideration; viz. the arches which separate the nave from the side aisles; these are in the perpendicular English style which architects generally consider to have been in vogue from the commencement of the reign of Richard II. to the end of Henry VIII. Now Skinner's monument previously noticed, is not only the earliest upon record, but was, in all probability, the first put up in the church, and as his death could not have occurred before the latter part of the fifteenth century (probably 1499) we are justified in assuming that the erection of the present structure did not take place until towards the end of the reign of Henry VI. or during that of his immediate successor. I am aware that the confessional near the pulpit, that truly beautiful specimen of the decorated style, may be adduced as a proof of the higher antiquity of this building, and as such would indeed be incontrovertible, were we to admit the supposition that this elegant piece of masonry could have been erected in a church which was built in a style not known until long after its fabrication, for the architectural taste in which this relic was composed preceded the perpendicular and was used only during the reigns of Edward II. and III.† It is more probable therefore that this Confessional belonged to some still more ancient building which formerly stood here, and if I be not greatly mistaken, this supposition receives additional strength from the existence at the present time of a long lancet shaped arch which is immediately behind the organ in the east wall of the tower, and may be of early English architecture. The want of positive data on this subject of course renders every conjecture merely hypothetical, but it may be observed that the total absence of any monumental remains earlier than the one already noticed, the demolition, within the memory of man, of the whole of the south aisle, and the moral certainty that the date 1520 which Lysons has adopted could only be the period when the Northern aisle was either rebuilt or repaired all assure us that the nave is the only portion left of the original building, nor can we admit an earlier date for its erection: for the preservation of a beautiful shrine, or the chance convenience of adopting an old arch when rebuilding an edifice, are not to be assumed as capable of throwing round more modern erections the halo of their own venerable antiquity.

* 30 Cl. 6. Edward IV.

† Rickman's Gothic Architecture.

When twice 7 yeares, 6 months, 10 days were spent
In wedlock bands and loyal love's delight;
November 12 day then she was content,
This world to leave and give to God his right.
Her 60 three yeares full compleate and ended
Her soule to God, to earth her corps commended."

Aubrey and Lysons mention the monument of Francis Muschamp in this aisle, it was possibly under the raised part of the pavement towards the east, which appears to be a recent elevation. In the eastern window of this aisle are some few remains of painted glass. Aubrey mentions several inscriptions and figures as remaining at the time of his survey,* but the rapacious grasp of the sacrilegious spoiler has absorbed nearly the whole of them. One portion consists of several coats of arms, but they are so confusedly arranged, and so small, that it would be a difficult task to blazon them. In the centre of this window is the date 1678, with the arms of Sir Thomas Bond. In the other windows of this and the opposite aisle are many curious portraits, good in their kind, and well arranged, but evidently insertions. It would be unjust to leave the consideration of this aisle without informing the spectator how much he is indebted to a gentleman still living, whose excellent judgment and sense of decorum caused the restoration of portions of painted glass which were found, after death, in the escritoire of a parishioner, and the writer regrets that it is not in his power, by mentioning his name, to add to the pleasing reward which the proud satisfaction of an honest act has already conferred upon him.

The chancel is remarkable in its form, being part of a hexagon; it was formerly denominated the Lady Chapel;† on the right a door has been cut through the wall, and leads into a robing room for the officiating clergymen. This door-way is one of the modern additions in the Gothic style, it is much too heavy considering the nearness of its position to its beautiful neighbour the confessional, and the spandrels are stiff to an extreme; the insertion of a leaf or flower, in lieu of the sharp angles, would have given an air of lightness to this arch which it does not at present possess. On the south side is the confessional, it consists of two stone stalls and a stoup for the holy water; the architecture, as before observed, is of the decorated style, and is probably as old as the time of Edward II.; it is a beautiful morceau, and it is to be hoped will find that care and attention which so elegant a remnant of ancient art has a right to command.

* 1673 to 1691.

† Manning's History of Surry.

The monuments in the chancel are very interesting. On the north side is a brass plate containing the figures of a man in armour without his helmet, and his wife, in an ancient costume, each praying at a kind of table; there are four sons behind the warrior, and behind the lady, seven daughters; at the bottom is the following inscription in black letter:

✓ "Of your charitye pray for the soule of John Scott, Esq. one of the Barons of our Soveraygne, Lord the Kyngs Exchequer, whyche John deceased the 7 day of Sept. in the 24 years of the Reygne of our Soveraygne Lord Kyng Henry the 8, and in the years of our Lord God 15^o and 32, on whose soule God have mercy, and all Christien soules.

"Amen."

It is to be observed that the precatory expressions, at the commencement and end of the foregoing epitaph, have been completely erased by the chisel of the reformer, and the same is the case with every monument in this church whereon similar exhortations were engraven. Zeal so misapplied is ever a matter of regret. There is hardly one of our cathedral or ancient churches wherein similar ravage has not been committed, and is still visible. To such an extent, indeed, was it carried on the accession of Elizabeth, that it required her royal proclamation to check its career.* Reform like this may remove such objects as are innocent in themselves and valuable in the estimation of the unprejudiced, but seldom leaves any thing to mark its track but unsightly ruin and inextricable confusion.

The above John Scott was baron of the Exchequer in 1529, his family were for a long time inhabitants of Camberwell. One of them is mentioned in a record of Edward IV.† The arms on the tomb are quartered with Bretinghurst and impale Skinner, and are, or rather were, at each corner of the monument; the first has on a fess, three boars' heads coupée quartered, with, on a fess dancette, three martlets impaling three cross bows erect—for Skinner. The second has the two first coats quartered. The third has the same impaled. But the fourth is lost.

Next to this monument is a brass, whereon are a man and woman kneeling at a table, there are eight sons behind him, and behind her are three daughters, the inscription is as follows in old characters:—

"Here lyeth the bodies of John Bowyer, Esq. and Elizabeth, his wife, one of the daughters of Robert Draker, Esq. They had issue 8 sons and 3 daughters. And John died the 10th of October, 1570. Elizabeth after married William Foster, Esq. and had issue by him one son and one daughter, and died 27th April, 1605."

* Strype's *Annales*, vol. i. p. 187. † Lysons and Col. 14, Edward IV.

This Elizabeth was daughter of Robert Draper, Esq. of Camberwell, and married the above John Bowyer, then of Lincoln's Inn, in 1550. Lysons contains a curious account of her wedding clothes, which was given to him by the late Joseph Windham, Esq. they were described in a manuscript memorandum book, which once belonged to her husband. For the sake of its curiosity, and lest any bright-eyed daughter of beauty should close this volume in disgust at the omission, I have transcribed it:—

“Wedyng apparell bought for my wyffe, Elizabeth Draper, the younger of Camberwell, agaynst 17 die Junii, An. Dni. 1550, with dispensalls,”

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
FIRST. Four ells of tawney taffeta, at 11s. 6d. the ell, for the Venyce gowne.	46	0
ITEM. Seven yardes of silk chamlett crymsyn, at 7s. 6d. the yarde, for a kyrtle.	52	6
ITEM. One yarde and a half of tawney velvet, to gard the Venyce gowne, at 15s. the yarde.	22	6
ITEM. Half a yard of crymsyn sattyn, for the fore slyves.	6	8
ITEM. Eight yardes of russett black, at 4s. 6d. the yarde, for a Dutche gowne.	35	0
ITEM. Half a yarde tawney sattyn.	5	0
ITEM. A yarde and a quarter of velvet black, to gard the Dutche gowne.	17	8
ITEM. Six yardes of tawney damask, at 11s. the yarde, for a kyrtle.	66	0
ITEM. One yarde and half quarter, of skarlett, for a pety-cote, with plites.	20	0

The wedding ring is described as “weying two angells and a duckett” and graven within these words, “Deus nos junxit I.E.B.Y.R.” The date of the marriage is inserted by Mr. Bowyer with great minuteness, (the hour of 8, the Dominical letter F, the moon being in Leo etc.) and with due regard to the aspect of the heavens which at that time regulated every affair of importance.”

Under the monument of John Bowyer is a small one of alabaster, very lately removed from the opposite side where the door of the vestry now is,

Here lyeth interred the body of Dame Anne Vernon, deceased the first of March, 1627. Wife she was to Sir Robert Vernon, Knt., and Clarke of the

Green Cloth to his Majesty, and mother of seven children to her said husband now living, her vertuous lyfe and Godly end God grant they all may imitate; that as she departed in peace by God's mercy, and through Christ his merits, they may all at the last day meete again in joy.

At the south side of the chancel is a very ancient brass plate, whereon were engraven the figures of a man in a long robe, kneeling with his wife and ten children; the whole monument is much mutilated, several of the figures having been taken away, the inscription in old characters is as follows:

Hic jacet Ricardus Skynner et Agnes uxor ejus, qui
quidem Ricardus obiit 3 die Januar. Ao. Dni. 1407 Agnes
vero obiit 5 die Martii Ao. Dni. 1499.

The precatory expression at the end has been so completely erased by the chisel as to be utterly illegible which is not the case, generally speaking, with the other brasses in this church it being possible to conjecture their signification with tolerable certainty. In Lysons much pains have been taken to prove that the date of the death of Richard Skinner must have been an error, and there is some labour expended in shewing how practically difficult is a moral impossibility. A widow surviving her husband ninety-two years must be to all persons matter of surprize. The conclusion that an error is in the engraving is just: for the figure upon which hangs the doubt is an O which even in the old character is easily transferred to a 6 or 9. It has been mentioned before that this identical person was bound in a recognizance in 1467: the greater probability is, therefore, that 1497 is the correct date; which brings the matter at once within the general course of our mortal career. There is another fact in Lysons, infinitely more deserving of attention; viz. that the brass figures of Agnes Skinner and her children were removed during some alterations which took place a few years back, and that in December 1808 they were in the Vestry. Where are they now, and other relics with them? If we compare the account given in the "Environs" with the monuments now remaining in the church, we shall perceive a difference. Much allowance must, undoubtedly, be made for the ravages of time, but is there any truth in the report that the Skinner effigies, alluded to, were lent to some virtuoso for the purpose of having draughts taken from them? If there be—why have not those persons who took upon themselves to lend what was not their own, also assumed the duty, at a proper season, of ascertaining that they had fallen into honourable

hands? A celebrated American writer has truly observed "that there is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things":—he might have added that there are persons, who love to batten, as it were, upon the spoliation of the tomb. Such conduct cannot be too severely censured; the preservation of mortuary sculpture in every church is highly essential to the purpose of science; for not only are they useful in an historical point of view, but they form valuable records of departed families. They were intended to perpetuate, as far as the perishable nature of all sublunary matter will permit, the memory of the dead to whom they were erected; and there is a degree of sacrilege attached to those persons, who in wanton mischief destroy, deface, or appropriate them.

Near the monument of Skinner is another brass, with a man and woman kneeling at a table or desk, the inscription in an ancient character is :

"Here lyeth the body of Matthew Draper, Esq., who was married unto Sence Blackwell, daughter of William Blackwell, of London, Esq., and dyed without issue the 21 of July in the yere of our Lord 1577."

Above, is a monument of black marble with bracket still remaining, which may formerly have supported a Hatchment; as Aubrey mentions one as being there in his time.

In hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life, by the merits of Jesus Christ, here lyeth buried the body of Dame Hecter Bowyer, late wife of Sir Edward Bowyer of this parish, Knt., and eldest daughter of Sir Anthony Aucher, Knt. There was a happy sympathy between the vertues of the soule and the beauty of the body of this excellent deceased person.

She lived an holy lyfe, and dyed the death of the righteous, Dec. 19th, 1661, a good lyfe hath but few daies, but a good name endureth for ever.

Sir Edward also, as he desired, lies here by his most loving and beloved wife. Likeness begat love, and love happiness, true here, compleate in heaven, where they reap the fruit of faith and good works, he died 27 January, 1681, aged 67 years.

"Tam pios cineres nemo conturbet."

/ The south aisle was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The enlargement of the church which took place some years ago caused the destruction of the whole of the ancient south wall, but great care appears to have been taken of the monuments in this part of the church. There are memorials here of Robert Waith, Paymaster of the Navy to Charles II., who died A. D. 1685, of his wife Elizabeth who died 1667, and also of their son Robert, who died 1686. There is against the wall a monument to the memory of Sir Peter Scott, of his grand-

1 enlarged 1786

son who was Canon of Windsor, and his wife Margaret, grand-daughter of the celebrated Dr. Donne the friend of that good old man Isaac Walton.

M. S.

Ex adverso hujus parietis in Cimiterio requiescit

Margarita

Lectissima femina

Guil. Bowles, Mil. ex Margarita Conjuge (filia
Joan Donne S. T. P. et Ecclesie St. Pauli Decani)

Filia obsequentissima

Petri Scott (Nepotis Petri Scott, Mil. ex unico
Filio Joan) L. L. D. liberæ capellæ Regiæ Sancti

Georgii, infra Castrum de Windsor Canon
per annos prope xix.

vere Consorta

Communium liberorum, Petri, Margaritæ,

Eliz. Barthol. Guil. et Isabel superstitum

Johannis insuper et Actoni (quorum ille

Sept. 5, A. D. MDCLXXXI. An. Ætat. xv.

Hic infans defunctus est)

Mater pientissima

Suorum desiderium, omnium deliciæ et dolor

Obiit 5 Febru. A. D. MDCLXXXI.

Ætat. suæ xlv.

Juxta quam jacet ejusdem maritus Petrus Scott

Supra dict. qui Margaritam (Clementis Spelmani

Baronis Scaccarii, filiam) viduam reliquit.

Obiit 26 die Decembris 1689, Ætatis suæ 49.

On the east wall are some tablets to the memory of the Storie family, and a monument by Flaxman to the memory of Dr. Nicholas Wanostracht, who for many years conducted a large school in this village.

M. S.

Niclaï. Wanostracht

L L D.

Obiit Nov. 19, A.D. 1812.

Ætatis suæ 66

Discipuli ejus merentes

Hoc monumentum.

Posuere.

Near this sleeps in hopes of resurrection the body of Sir Peter Scott, Knt. who having lived desired and beloved both of his friends and neighbours, deceased the 28 June 1622, and in the 44 year of his age: he married Elizabeth,

daughter of Edward Kiderminster, Esq. one of the six clerks in Chancery, and left behind him 1 Son and 3 daughters, with their most sorrowful mother, who, among other testimonies of a pious affection to his memory, consecrated this monument in her tears.

Here might be praises but he needs not them,
These Puffs the Vertuous and the Dead contemne ;
For such are better pleased good to be,
Than to be called so and such was he ;
This then for ostentation raise we not,
Nor out of feere his worth may be forgot ;
But that the readers and the passers by,
Reflecting on his shrine of death an eye ;
May minde their owne, so neither will the cost
Seem vaine nor the beholder's labor lost.

The next monument, worthy of notice, is against the south wall : it represents three persons, all of whom are kneeling ; one, an old man, is looking towards the east with his back turned towards the others, at the other side is a woman habited in the costume of the time with a deep ruff, &c. also looking towards the east, and in the middle between them is a man in complete armour, with the exception of the head, looking westward ; these figures have suffered much by the removal of the monument when the old wall was removed, the thumbs of the lady and the warrior are considerably injured, as are also the old man's hands. The sculpture is well executed, and the countenance of the man in armour particularly noble and striking. Under the old man is this inscription.

“ John Scott (the Son and Heire of John Scott, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, being married to Elizabeth, the daughter and heire of John Robins of London, Merchant of the Staple at Calleis, had issue John, Richard, Edward, William, Bartholomew, Acton ; being also married to a second wife, Chis, the widdow of John Sanford, had issue Margaret ; and by Margaret Bolton, his third wife, had Edgar and Southwell : of which his 9 children Bartholomew Scott his 5 son repairing the decayed ruins of his Right worshipful and antient family reviveth the memory of his deceased Father”

Under the female is the following :—

“ Bartholomew Scott (the Son of John Scott, Esq. and Justice of the Peace in the County of Surry, having no issue of his body begotten, liveth, notwithstanding, after death, by the never dying commendation of his Vertues, being a valiant, wise, and religious gentleman, and leaving behind him Peter Scott his nephew) the Son of Acton Scott his brother, whom he had carefully and lovingly fostered up from his youth, the heire of his landes and the hope of his family.—This gentleman was married to three wives, the first was Margaret, the widdow of the

Right Rev. Prelate and Martyr Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury; the second was Christian the widow of Citizen of London; the third, and last, was Margaret, the widow of William Gardiner, Esq. Justice of Peace in the County of Surry."

Under the man in armour is engraved,

"Margaret, the last wife of Bartholomew Scott, at her own cost erected this tomb to the happy memory of her beloved."

Under this tomb, on the pavement below in the aisle, and in a direct line from it, is a very fine brass, representing a knight in armour, with the inscription of "Your charity pray for the soule of Edward Scott one of the Sons of John Scott, Esquire, which Edward deceased (the 29th day of Sept. Ano. Dni. 1538.) On whose soule, and all Christien soules, Jesu have mercy." This brass is in beautiful preservation, and appears to have escaped the notice of the exterminator of precatory supplications. Lysons states that John Scott, the brother of the above, lies also under a brass plate in this aisle: it is perhaps covered by the pews. St. Mary's aisle was the burial-place of the Scotts, as that of St. Nicholas was appropriated to the Muschamps. In the middle aisle is a blue stone with a brass plate, on which is engraven,

"Here lyeth the bodye of Margaret Dove, wife of John Dove, Daughter of Matthew Kelcan, of Surry, Gentleman, and had issue by the said John, 5 Sons and 4 Daughters, and deceased the 22 day of Aprill, Ano. Dni. 1582. This family, for many generations, had been buried here; they were descended from Henry Dove, who died on Bosworth field with his master, King Richard the 3rd."

Lysons did not find this brass, as it is classed by him among those mentioned by Aubrey, but then obliterated.

Lower down, on the same stone, has been another brass, which commemorated Mary Chambers, who died in 1538,* but it is entirely gone. Nearer to the chancel, and just before the clerk's desk, is the last brass we have to notice, it represents a man in a gown, and is to the memory of Michael Skinner, Gentleman:—

"Hic jacet Mighell Skeinor Generosus
Qui obiit 13 die Novemb. Ano. Dni., 1497,
Cujus animè propitiatur Deus."

* Aubrey.

On one of the pillars near the stone separating the nave from the north aisle, is a tablet to Mrs. Johanna Vincent, who died 1654; and, on the front of the clerk's desk, is some excellent carving in wood, it was put up recently, and came originally, I believe, from Holland.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIAL.

A Moore-ish Song.

"There! tell me," cried Julia, while playfully flinging
 A handful of sweets at my bosom one day,—
 "Of the Lily and Rose you're eternally singing,
 But which of the two is the lovelier, pray?"
 "Dear Julia," said I, "the sweet candidates seizing,"
 And turning from them to the girl's smiling brow;
 "Will you hear their own claims as professors of pleasing,
 This arbour the court, and its Chancellor thou?"
 The Rose then began, but no plea would she offer,
 But turned to *her* case in the judge's own cheek;
 Then followed the Lily, who told us, fair scoffer,
 On Julia's clear forehead *her* sentence to seek.
 Then up rose the maid, and with blushes suffusing
 Her exquisite face, softly gave this decree,—
 "On the ground of the parties all reason refusing,
 She must leave both the cases and judgment to me."

Александр.

THE CHESS-BOARD. BY AN ORIENTALIST.

" ————— There is a game,
 A frivolous and foolish play,
 Wherewith we while away the day;
 It is—I have forgot the name."

BYRON.

WINTER is fast approaching, and with it its train of old, cheery, fireside pastimes. Already appears bleak November, long stigmatized as the parent of suicides, and though the march of intellectual improvement,

impiously tending to subvert the opinions of centuries, has proceeded by cool and unanswerable calculations to remove this reproach from the month of fogs, yet the genuine Englishman seated by his fire, with his bottle of port before him, will, despite of figures, cast many a despairing glance at the fantastic forms presented by the coals, and wonder within himself how he shall ever get through the long evenings just commencing. "Only," he exclaims, as he brightens his anticipations and his fire, "only with the help of the Chess-board!"

The Chess-board—With that simple word how many recollections force themselves on the mind! It is a word of magic, it makes us young again. It recalls the days of boyhood, when, under the old oak in the meadow adjoining our play-ground, an elder school-fellow and ourself were wont to resort in the intervals of more serious employ, to study the noble, the entrancing game of chess. There would we sit, with our little board between us, unconscious alike of the flight of time, and of the objects around us. And Oh! how we longed for the period when we should be men. "Then," we said, "we will play day after day, undisturbed by noisy compeers, and removed from the sound of the warning bell." In those days we were happy, but they are for ever gone. We left school, and our fellow-student did the same,—we have met since, but where is that warmth of heart, that singleness of mind, which then breathed forth from all our words and works? Gone! and in their place is a cold politeness, a cautious regard, kindling but seldom, and then but for a moment. But there was a happier time even than this, it was when in the gothic library of Chaseley Hall we spent hour after hour, teaching the game to a fair girl,—a cousin. Julia learned it with surprising quickness, it might be from her own intelligent mind, or from our anxious care in her tuition, or it might be from both. But we mingled tales—of a different kind with our instructions, and for those tales the game was often neglected, or if pursued, it was listlessly,—tales of love. And she listened, though with her eyes intent on the field of fight, and it might be with her fairy fingers unconsciously wandering over the combatants.

"And she was pensive, nor perceived
Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Play'd on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That her's might be the winning lot."

And there our vows were plighted, and exchanged. Our destiny then led us to India; but before leaving old England we visited our lady-love, and determined to have one game more before we parted with her—for ever, as it chanced. That game—to this hour we can never remember whether we won or lost. But it was over, and three days afterwards we were on the ocean. In due time land was made, and our knowledge of chess we found infinitely useful. In the east, the chess-board is the only employment, from morning to night, of all who are not engaged in business; and to those who are, it is the evening's solace. Five years passed rapidly on, and though Julia's letters were "like angels' visits, few and far between," they came. Her playful allusions to the chess-board are still vividly present to our mind. We left India, and once more sought the shores of Albion. On landing, our first impulse was to seek Chaseley Hall, and we obeyed it. Fast as we passed up the avenue of elms, we had time to recall the images they brought, and to think of the bliss we should feel in again wandering around them with their fair heiress. The servants recognized us, though much changed by sun and wind. But what means that mournfully significant look on the features of the old butler? "How is Miss Julia?" is our breathless question. "Miss Chaseley, sir—what! did not you hear of her death?" "Good God;" we sunk lifeless. But kindness and medical aid brought us to sensibility again, yet it was weeks before we could listen to the tale of the consumption which had removed her from earth, three months previous to our arrival.

From that time we have been indifferent to all worldly matters, the chess-board being our only relaxation. And though our fortune caused us to be courted by many, we have remained sole and single to the present day, the queen of chess our only mistress.

We are attached to it from recollection, yet the game itself is exceedingly beautiful. From the day when the Brahmin Sissa invented it as a means of conveying wholesome truths to the King of the Indies, which the tyrant would not hear as formal instruction, all nations have been found among its votaries. The grave and proud Spaniard, the voluptuous and crafty Italian, the rough and plain German, the polished and volatile Gaul, the semi-barbarous and tyrannical Russian, and the indescribable Englishman, (the composite, order of nationality,)—all are numbered in the ranks of chess. There is not another game on the face of the earth which has obtained favour so universally. The soldier finds in the chess-board a mimic field of battle—the sportsman, a chase and capture—the lawyer, a

tracasserie unequalled but at Westminster—the divine, a sermon on the devices of the enemy—the courtier, a lesson in approaching majesty. Few fanatics have been found so utterly desperate as to class the chessmen among the “devil’s picture-books,” and even those, who condemn all relaxation whatever, have been compelled to exclude the chess player from the number of criminals under their ban. The miser, that genuine *miserrimus*, has been heard to say that chess is a truly moral game, for while unlike cards, it requires not the aid of money, it contains sufficient excitement in itself to become interesting to all. And though the mortals of the present day, unlike the self-denying Greeks commemorated by Homer, have not learned to substitute the game for necessary food, or even for epicurean enjoyments, a science which Palamedes is stated to have taught the besiegers of Troy; yet, degenerate beings as we are, we may boast with truth, that when entranced in this enchanting amusement, we forget our meals.

What more can be necessary. One thing. We have selected, as a motto, certain lines from Mazeppa. If the game of chess was referred to by the noble poet when he wrote the passage, we can only pity his blindness, and rest assured that he could not play the game. If it is not meant, which seems to be the prevalent opinion among artists, what did he mean? It is a question of no small interest, and should be answered for the benefit of the public.

The game was played in the beginning of the fifth century, though not brought to perfection for some time after that date. It has outlived hundreds of diversions invented since its origin, and will probably survive most which are now in vogue. It deserves to do so, for while none are worthy of being compared to it for rationality, its beautiful completeness is one of its most powerful recommendations. In short, were a philosopher asked what single article had most materially contributed to the happiness of his fellow creatures, for the last thousand years, and was likely to do so for the next thousand, we think, and were we that sage, we are sure, that he would without hesitation reply—“The CHESS-BOARD.”

POOR RELATIONS.

GOD forgive the man who, with the power, has not the will to help his poor relations; and God help him who, with limited means, is beset with them; for in nine instances out of ten, what he takes from

his own confined property for the purpose of relieving their wants, will only impoverish himself, without benefiting them.

It is the nature of dependence to neutralize exertion, and of reliance on the powers of another to damp or suppress the efforts of the individual, whose expectations increase in the proportion to the assistance he receives.

Perhaps there is scarce, a family, of moderate means, that has not suffered more or less from the indolence and unreasonable expectations of some clinging relatives, who remind one of the insidious ivy, which first creeps at the foot of the tree, then holds on till it has destroyed or impoverished that, which had supplied and supported it.

"I have not a relation in the world," said an importunate beggar to an Irish bishop, as he begged alms.

"What!" replied the bishop, turning quick upon him, "Would the man be an arch-angel?" It will be concluded that the poor bishop's impassioned reply arose from his experience of the intolerable demands, and importunate clamours of his poor relations.

The picture of "*Poor Relations*," painted by that ingenious artist, Mr. T. P. Stephanoff, is well calculated to impress the mind with disgust and abhorrence of the proud and rich relative, who would shut his heart to the claims of the orphan and the widow. The painting, alluded to, left nothing for language; it was an appeal to the feelings, and came home to the heart and understanding of all. There is a print after this painting, which was published in 1825, and the graphic art never enforced a more useful lesson, or illustrated the cold hearted selfishness of too many, who, hedged in by their prosperous fortune, consider the most just and urgent claims, like "the hand-writing on the wall," as menacing the loss of some of their comforts.

To such people poverty, come in what shape it may, or with what claims it be invested, will always appear as "an armed man," with power to wrench from them their whole wealth. Pride and avarice are great anticipators, they see in every cloud a storm, and in every political movement destruction.

The admirable performance which gave rise to these reflections was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and was purchased by Lord Bexley, who may be congratulated on possessing one of the finest productions of the English school of art, both in its intellectual quality, as well as in the beauty of its execution.

But, how can be represented, in a similar way, the reverse of such a picture. It is not in the power of art to express the goading anxiety

which oppresses a sensitive mind and a kind-hearted disposition, when, pressed to an imprudent parting with his means, to supply the wants—too often the extravagant desires of the importunate relative,—while privation follows privation, without effecting any real advantage for those for whom so much is given up. A situation like this may be mentally presented to the mind's eye, but cannot be exhibited on canvass.

Take the subject of claims and dependence upon a larger scale, consider it as acting on the community at large, divide that community into the classes of rich, middling, and poor; again, divide the latter into the industrious and labouring poor, and the dependant and the pauper; in which class, it will be proper to place, not only the houseless and the ragged who must be provided for by the rich and the middling class, but the indolent and well dressed, who live upon the community, either by swindling, cunning, or audacity; and it will presently be found, how soon, and by what means, a nation may be impoverished by burthens of this sort: and that there is a natural tendency from ignorance, dissipation, and idleness to an increase of the evil—till in process of time rates and taxes, fraud, imposture, and swindling, place the rich and opulent in the rank of the middling class, and that into the poor and dependent part of the community; and in the end, (as in the dream of Pharaoh) the lean and ill favoured kine shall have devoured the fat and well favoured, without producing any advantage to themselves. In such a state of things, as in the instance of individuals when relief can no longer be obtained on the one hand, or administered on the other, the dependant will begin to look about him and to bestir himself; or if to be once a beggar is to be always a beggar, habit has fitted him for the life of one, he is but where he was, he cannot sink lower in the scale. Habit is often found to stick closer than a garment, and is not likely soon to wear out. There are not wanting instances in which no endeavours have been able to prevail against even the habits of mendicity and pauperism. This was literally the case a few years since, with a woman who used to go about the streets of the metropolis in the neighbourhood of Oxford Road, selling chick-weed, or begging alms as occasion offered. When chance gave her the opportunity, she would tell her customers or benefactors that she had very rich relations—people who kept their carriage and the like, but little or no credit was ever given to her story; until, after some length of time, she one day made her appearance clean, well dressed, and well looking; for, with the rags she had thrown off, the squalid wretchedness of complexion and features had also disappeared. Surprise

and congratulation succeeded (in those who had known her in her former state) to relief and commiseration. But a few short months brought her again to the door as a chickweed woman; and it was found that more than one attempt had been made by her relations to place her above want, and, as far as could be, on a respectable footing in life.

There are people in the world you cannot help, whatever sacrifice you make; and it becomes absolutely necessary, as a matter of self-defence, both of your cash and comfort, as well as, for the sake of the more deserving, to steel your heart, and bar your doors against the idle and the vicious, whatever claims they may endeavour to establish as friends, relations, or acquaintance.

To know the exact time when to stop, as regards the giver and receiver, is a nice point; and which a well regulated conscience can only determine. In such cases the conduct of the late Mrs. Inchbald was admirable—regulated as it was by prudence and liberality.

She well discriminated, even in her love, between a lavish bounty that injured the giver, without saving the receiver; and that moderated benevolence which added to the comforts of the unfortunate, and left the bestowers in a condition to give again.

The line which should be drawn, or the point at which a man should stop in the relief he bestows, must be left to his conscience, and regulated by his means. How far he obeys the dictates of the first, and regulates the last, God alone can judge. The selfishness of human nature will, it is to be feared, draw the line and place the point according to its own narrow notions, and in too many instances fall short of the wants even of the deserving.

But of all the claims upon the purse of the wealthy or the kind hearted, from relatives, friends or acquaintance, the claims of Genius are often the most unreasonable, unseasonable; and extravagant.

Men of genius, as authors, artists, or men of science, are seldom what is called men of the world; but for the most part, live in one of their own erecting; accordingly their notions and feelings, as well as their expectations, differ from those of the rest of mankind. This ignorance of the world, too often leads to poverty, poverty to dependence. With claims, (it may be of an estimable kind,) the dependant becomes an object of pity and commiseration in the eyes of his more fortunate or wealthy relation, who, not measuring the claims of genius by the standard of his own estimation, gives, lends, or shelters, at a rate, and in a way not always calculated to satisfy.

Genius is full of excitement; and the intensity of its feelings, the ardour of its pursuits, and the enthusiasm of its character often renders it difficult for the well intentioned either to relieve or shelter.

The conduct of Savage, the poet, under circumstances of this sort, is not a solitary instance of that misrule, which takes place, where indulgence and kindness on one hand, lead to excite dissipation on the other.

Those deserve to suffer under the inflictions of rudeness and eccentricity, who, for the purpose of gratifying their own vanity, or to shew their bias to a party or sect, invite and make inmates of certain distinguished characters.

It could not be expected that such a man as Dr. Johnson, or any of a similar class would bend to all the rules of decorum, presented in fashionable or genteel society; especially where precision, order, and etiquette, were carried to excess. Yet persons of jarring and opposite characters, do sometimes meet and congregate; but infliction and suffering in some shape or other will necessarily be the consequence. To exemplify this, it is only necessary to state that a wealthy and prosperous family in the North of England—prosperous too from the orders and employment of government, were induced to invite and suffer the stay in their house of an Infidel writer, whose character was as much in opposition to their own rigid and religious opinions, as his habits were to the precise order and regularity of their domestic arrangements. It may readily be imagined how a family of this kind must have been annoyed, who (for the sake of indulging a party spirit) would even for a short time admit an inmate like T—P—, whose late hours, rude exterior, slovenly habits, and reckless discourse must have been a continual offence to any well ordered and decent society. Those who voluntarily countenance characters of this kind deserve no commiseration, whatever they may be made to suffer, either in their purse or their persons; their object is vanity, or something worse, and “verily they have their reward.”

The claims and duties of the rich and the poor, must, and ever will, exist; but where the claims of the deserving only are allowed, there can be little danger of annoyance. The modest and retiring genius, or the industrious and striving poor, will never be likely to make unreasonable demands, or take, (from any encouragement,) unwarrantable liberties with their benefactors.

D.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Say reader, didst thou ever mark
The clear notes of the matin lark?
Or didst thou, in the morn, e'er view
The rainbow colour'd drops of dew?
Hast thou not seen, in op'ning roses,
The blush which Nature scarce discloses?
As sweet as notes of sweetest bird,
Is lovely Euna's ev'ry word:
As brilliant as the purest dew,
Is her soft eye, of heaven's own blue:
As pure her breast as that fresh flow'r,
Just op'ning in a sunny hour—
But then the notes of that lov'd bird,
For ever past, as soon as heard;
That dew-drop, which the sun's first ray,
But lips, and then dissolves away;
That laughing flow'r which scarce can blow,
E'er fall its leaves and die below:
Are not so frail as Euna's smile,
Which e'en in forming fades the while.

Down Hall, Kingston.

ISAAC H. JUN.

LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE,

Delivered at the Bristol Institution.

MR. BRITTON commenced his course of eight Lectures on this interesting subject in the Theatre of the Institution, Park Street, Bristol, on Monday, 30th September, before a highly respectable audience. This gentleman is already known as an author, as well as an architect, and his works on "Cathedral Antiquities"—the "Histories of Redcliffe and Bath Abbey Churches," &c. bear testimony to his ability and acquaintance with his subject. In his first Lecture, which consisted, of course, of introductory matter, Mr. Britton confined himself to general remarks on Architecture, referring, occasionally and briefly, to numerous drawings for the sake of illustration.

This science, he said, had never been fully and fairly understood, or properly appreciated in this country, nor had it been duly and adequately treated in the popular institutions of the present age; but it was high time that the evil were remedied; and that the genius of Architecture put forth her claims to attention, amidst the din of politics and in the theatre of science. Having critically examined many of the famed edifices in our own island, and diligently read and studied the writings, prints, and drawings—illustrating others in distant countries, he trusted that, by his present efforts, he should be enabled to effect some good, or at least to give a stimulus to others. Bristol was peculiarly circumstanced as regards its former architectural features and present demands on this science. There was no place where the taste and science of the architect, and where the good sense of the corporate body, and of individual landlords, were more imperiously demanded, and where they would more tend to ultimate benefit, and strict beauty, or to failure and disgrace, than at Bristol. This city had recently been visited by a distressing scourge, which, though not so ruinous and extensive as that which buried the famed Italian city of Pompeii, yet was frightful and calamitous in its operation, and ruinous to many in its results. As the fabled Phoenix regenerates from ashes, with new life and youthfulness, so let us hope that the consumed parts of Bristol may spring forth from ruins, invested with all the attributes of utility and beauty. When we reflect on the former dignity, riches, and fame of this city, as set forth or intimated by historians, and compare its present streets and squares—its public and private buildings, with the modern parts of London, Bath, Edinburgh, and other cities and commercial towns, it must be apparent that it has not kept pace with any of those places. Yet public spirit was not wanting here, as was proved by the new entrance lately formed from the city of Bath, with its neat Gothic toll-house—the change effected in the bed of the river—and the rail-road and the suspension bridge now projected. Thus one improvement led to another; and Bristol might, ultimately, compete with other important towns of the empire. By means of the Royal Institution, established in the year 1800, arts, sciences, and literature have been disseminated, so that almost every town has its institute, and every village its library; but there are neither schools nor rudiments to teach the most important branches of Architecture—a science which our modern Universities so far neglect that they have not even a professorship; there was no reward, no institution, nothing to prevent its decay:—out of forty members of the Royal Academy, four only are architects:

Sir John Soane, the professor of Architecture in that Academy, had bequeathed to the public his valuable Museum, containing an immense collection of books, drawings, casts, and fragments, &c. from Greece and Italy. This collection was worth one hundred thousand pounds, and was left in perpetuity, with thirty thousand pounds more to provide a house, servants, curator, &c. to preserve it in order. He had been acquainted with Sir John for thirty years, and he knew that his object, in this bequest, was to encourage science and excite emulation. The Lecturer again adverted to the great improvements which had been effected in most of our large towns in the style of Architecture, of which Regent-street, in the metropolis, was an example; also in widening and cleansing streets and sewers—the shop-fronts, in some places, were evidence of an improved taste; and it was no compliment, he feared, to remark, that many of the London gin-shops could vie with them in this respect; leading to the inference that the proprietors derive a disproportionate profit from the sale of spirits. Recurring to antiquity, the temple at Ellora, hewn out of the solid rock,—the Palace of Madura, and the Jain Temple at Aimeer, were severally passed under review. Egypt was a land of wonders to the architect, in its immense temples and the durability of the materials (granite) of which they were composed. Athens, with its Acropolis and Parthenon, furnished fine specimens of Grecian architecture, but which unfortunately, had been defaced or destroyed by military occupation. Every nation, except England, seemed to have had its characteristic architecture. At Avebury, Wilts, there was a work, surprising as to its magnitude, and superior to any thing of the kind in Europe; it consisted of stones twelve, fifteen, and eighteen feet in height, in circles of thirty, fifty, and one hundred; leading to which were two avenues, each of two hundred stones, and a mile and a half in length: with this was also connected the barrow of Silbury-hill. Stonehenge was on a much smaller scale, consisting of thirty stones in the exterior, thirty in a smaller circle, and twelve in an oval arrangement: it was analogous to what was found in Brittany, Normandy, Denmark, and France. From the beautiful architectural remains of Greece and of Rome, we come down to the middle ages and to ecclesiastical architecture:—examples of this were found at Rochester, at the College-green Gateway, in this city, and also in the Chapter-house, where some tasteless innovations had lately been removed, and its original character properly restored. The Cathedral at Durham was a fine specimen of Norman architecture, and that of Salisbury appeared to have been completed from one design, with the exception of the stee-

ple and part of the West front; this was unrivalled in its symmetry by any edifice in Europe: the last specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, in this country, was Henry VII.'s chapel. The most ancient, the most magnificent—the most wonderful architecture of the world, was to be found in *buildings devoted to religion*; and whether that religion was Pagan or Christian—whether it was addressed to monstrous idols or to the omniscient God, we find that it has ever been, and ever must be the most inspiring as well as the most awful principle which can operate on the *human mind*, and influence its productions.

The temples of the old world, and churches of the new—the rude, but vast circles of Celtic nations, and the sacred edifices devoted to Christian worship, are so many demonstrations of man's consciousness of some supernatural and superior power, operating on his destinies. It was also a curious and interesting fact that, in proportion as the human race have advanced in civilization and refinement, so have they improved in their notions of simplicity and beauty—in their capabilities of appreciating the barbarities of the pagan, and the sublimities and pathos of the Christian religion. Whilst the one tends to corrupt the mind and deprave the taste, the other exalts the former and refines the latter, and makes man a more rational and intellectual creature. If we look at the idols and temples of America, India, and Egypt; and more particularly those of the African and European Aborigines, we find them rude and even ugly in design, and therefore indicative of the most ignorant as well as most irrational state of man. As society became more refined, we observe that architecture and sculpture advanced in all the essentials of consistency and beauty; temples of fine proportion and exquisite ornament were raised to certain heathen gods, and statues of surpassing beauty and expression were placed within their inclosures. Hence, Greece and Italy have, for many ages, become the envied regions of art, and are visited with as much enthusiasm, by the connoisseur and antiquary, as Jerusalem and Loretto were formerly by Catholic pilgrims and devotees. Edifices devoted to religion, if not the only, are the chief artificial works that have survived the warfare of nations—the storms of elements—the revolutions of empires. Hence it is evident that they were either constructed with greater skill than other buildings, or that their sacred character guaranteed their protection. That the latter was not the case is shewn by the historian and antiquary, who record numerous instances of devastation committed by warriors on their sacred fanes. Fire and wanton spoliation were often employed to destroy these buildings, but the extent of ruins still found in

various parts of the world, shew that they were of great strength and of immense extent.

Mr. Britton concluded his interesting Lecture by stating, that architecture was unknown until fortified towns were built, to which succeeded temples, theatres, and palaces—these were a test of the power and civilization of states, when written documents were wanting—a circumstance verified in America, India, Greece, Italy, and Europe in the middle ages.

SECOND LECTURE.

In the second Lecture, delivered on the following Wednesday, Mr. Britton expatiated on the many specimens of architectural magnificence which are found in India, Egypt, and Mexico, referring, as he proceeded, to the drawings and ground plans. Some of these productions were the most ancient records of man in a civilized state, and as such were sufficient to justify to every one the partiality of the architect to his investigations. According to Scripture, some derived their existence as commemorative of remarkable events, but the Assyrian, Median, Babylonian, and Persian temples might be considered as links in the chain, and modern as compared with the cave temples of India, at Elephanta, Ellora, &c. The Lecturer adverted, for a moment, to the singular powers of display and combination manifested by the celebrated artist, Martin, in his picture of *Nineveh*, formed as far as possible on the plan of scriptural and historic records: he had lately seen this gentleman, with whom he had the pleasure of being acquainted, engaged on the subject of the *Crucifixion*, for which purpose he had formed a ground plan of the city of Jerusalem;—by conceiving himself placed on a commanding elevation, he from thence arranges his subjects according to geometrical proportion, and by such means he will, no doubt, produce one of those pictures which will gratify and astonish the world. Egypt—the land of wonders—was first peopled in that part called the Thebais; its temples were reckoned 3000 years old, although some still older had been incorporated with others of a comparatively modern date. Egypt, long and narrow, might be considered as 600 miles in length, the Nile flowing through the greater part of this distance: at Cairo this river divides itself into various branches, and, by its means, blocks of stone had been conveyed for the construction of those temples which were the wonder of succeeding ages; portions of their remains had been transferred to Rome; in the British Museum, in Sir J. Soane's collec-

tion, and at Cambridge, specimens might also be found. Mr. Bullock had built the Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, for the reception of the treasures acquired by Belzoni, in the hope that the public would properly appreciate the design of the undertaking: and although for the admission fee of one shilling only, the public had an opportunity of exploring the catacombs of Egypt, without peril or further expense, they declined to avail themselves of it! And what was the fate of poor Belzoni? He died in poverty, if not in absolute distress; and his widow was compelled to seek the means of existence in the charity of friends! This valuable collection was now dispersed, and might be considered as lost to the public, with the exception of the splendid sarcophagus, which had been bought by Sir John Soane, for £2,000, who had one side of his house taken down to admit of its introduction, and to preserve it in perpetuity for the public benefit. The parsimony, if not the folly, that had been displayed by the Government, with regard to this collection, was the more to be regretted, as it has since negotiated for the conveyance of the Alexandrine obelisk to this country, at a probable expense of £2,000 for the transport of this single shaft or column to England. Some idea might be formed of the magnificent scale of Egyptian architecture from the circumstance that the blocks of stone employed were, taking the admeasurement of Herodotus, not less than sixty-eight English feet in length—about equal to the exterior height of the Institution in which they were then assembled; the largest blocks we were accustomed to see were mere pigmies to them.

Thebes situated on the broadest part of the Nile, was said by Homer to be thirty miles in circumference, having three hundred gates of entrance; the valley of the Nile was too confined for its limits, and from thence it extended to the neighbouring mountains—Egypt not being able to contain it, as the French would say; the mountains therefore, were excavated as catacombs, and the river Nile at this day was proud, in the language of Denon, to flow amongst its ruins. Denderah, Karnac, &c. were next treated on, and to these succeeded the Pyramids—monuments of the vanity and the folly of man, but which did not excite the less wonder; indeed it is difficult, says Denon, to determine whether these masses, or the pride in which they originated, were the greater. They are accounted as comparatively modern erections; that of Gizeh, at Memphis, occupies a square equal to Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was laid out, by Inigo Jones, according to the ground plan of the greatest Pyramid of Egypt. [A representation appeared amongst the drawings of the elevation of this

Pyramid as compared with St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's London, Salisbury Cathedral, those of Malines and Strasburg, Indian Pagodas, the Pantheon, and Temple of Minerva at Athens.] These Pyramids were probably intended as places of interment, like the tumuli of the ancient and modern world. That existing in Mexico, as represented by Lord Kingsbury, was curious, as evincing the same mode of disposing of their dead in Mexico, Peru, and the Eastern world. This method of interment had been suggested in the metropolis by Mr. Wilson, as a remedy for that increasing nuisance—the burial of the dead in the midst of a large and dense population. The pyramid proposed to be constructed for this purpose was calculated to be equal to eighteen thousand acres, and to contain five million bodies. This was succeeded by another plan of a public cemetery, rendered necessary in large cities, as was proved by the burial-ground attached to St. Augustin's Church, in this city, which had been raised, for the purposes of interment, from about ten to fifteen feet. The Romans, the Egyptians, and Aborigines of this island buried their dead in the open country—an example which could not be too generally followed. Mr. Britton concluded his second Lecture by some remarks on the readiness frequently shown to censure the works of the architect, without a due consideration of the difficulties with which he may have had to contend, and the labour and study his plans required, which, when matured and executed, ought to receive a favourable interpretation. Having now treated on the architecture of India, Egypt, and America, he should forbear to tread on Grecian ground until his next Lecture.

THIRD LECTURE.

THIS Lecture, delivered 4th October, consisted of observations and criticisms on the Grecian and Roman styles of architecture, in the course of which Mr. Britton pointed out the names of many of those travellers who, by their researches and their publications, have served the cause of this particular science. It is from the Greeks that we derive nearly all our ideas respecting architectural construction and geometrical proportion, with the exception of the arch; we trace their style, from the Romans downwards, to the decline of monastic establishments. It was generally acknowledged that the Greeks derived much of their science, their learning, and their arts from Egypt, in which Herodotus, Solon, Pythagoras, and many eminent Greeks had travelled. The Iliad of Homer conveyed some notion of Priam's palace, from which it would appear that it was built in the most

sumptuous style; but Pope's translation referring to it was so very defective, in its description, that he (the Lecturer) thought it necessary to allude to it, for the sake of cautioning the younger part of his audience against its inaccuracies. It was only about eighty years ago that the shores of Greece had been visited for architectural purposes, but since that time several elaborate works have appeared on the subject, by various hands, with different degrees of merit. From such sources, selected without discrimination, we find structures have been erected in this country, by persons who possess not a spark of architectural genius; hence it was of importance that gentlemen should consult the really practical, scientific, and intelligent architect, instead of resorting to the carpenter and builder; by that means they would both save their money and the credit of the place in which they happened to reside. Ancient architecture might be divided into sacred, domestic, and military; the latter was also termed Cyclopean; examples of it were found in the Peloponnesus, in the Roman territory, and in Wales. Athens, on the authority of Major Reynell, was once seventeen miles in circumference—larger than Paris, but not equal to modern London; four hundred and thirty years before the Christian era it was crowded with five hundred thousand inhabitants, but this dense population was much diminished by a plague which broke out. Mr. Cockerell and another gentleman had attempted, after a careful survey, to give a representation of it as it formerly appeared, with its Acropolis, crowned by temples and statues, and surrounded by embattled walls. At Rome, it might be supposed, the eye of the spectator was dazzled and distracted by the multiplicity and splendour of the objects, whilst at Athens he would be struck with the simplicity and unity of its attractions. In 1676, the Parthenon—that *chef-d'œuvre* of Grecian art, was said to be almost entire, but the subsequent siege of the city by the Venetians, in 1687, caused a melancholy devastation to all that was splendid and renowned. North of the Pantheon stood the Erectheion, an imitation of which had been attempted in St. Pancras Church. The Lecturer censured the mode in which this had been done, and expressed an opinion that it was inconsistent with good sense and right feeling to apply pagan architecture so generally to Christian edifices. Italy was the hallowed land of Architecture, but its old cities had disappeared; ancient Rome was twenty-nine feet below the present existing city; London was sixteen, eighteen, and twenty feet; Bath fourteen to sixteen feet. In the reign of Nero two-thirds of Rome were consumed by fire, but it afterwards contained forty-eight thousand houses, and

one of its aqueducts extended sixty miles. In the reign of Constantine architecture declined, and dwindled into insignificance and vulgarity. From this reign we proceed to the middle ages, and in treating on those times the Lecturer flattered himself that what he might have to say on the subject would induce his hearers, with more eagerness and curiosity than usual, to visit the Cathedrals and Churches of their native land.

THE POET'S PETITION.

Hor. lib. I. Carm. XXXI.

What asketh the Bard from his patron divine,
As he pours from the goblet the bright mantling wine ?
He asks not Sardinia's rich corn-covered fields ;
Nor the beauteous herds fair Calabria yields ;
Nor the bone oft procured at the cost of a life ;
Nor the gold of the east, fell incentive to strife ;
Nor the lands thro' which Iris insidiously glides,
And gently wears down with its smooth silent tides ;
The vineyard he leaves with its multifold cares
To him, who the nectar of Cales prepares ;
The trader may quaff, from his vases of gold,
The wine which its makers for odours have sold ;
(The Gods must protect him, if, safe from the gale,
He hath thrice on the ocean adventured his sail.)
But the Poet on olives and endive would feed,
And the dew sprinkled herbs of the green sunny mead ;
And he prays of Apollo, that on to the end
Good health and sound mind all his steps may attend ;
And while Phœbus sees fit his career to prolong,
He will grant him the power to continue his song.

et.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

EXHIBITION AT BRUSSELS.

It must be highly gratifying to the lovers of art, to find that, at the fête given on the Anniversary of the Revolution of the Netherlands, there was a splendid exhibition of paintings from modern artists. This *Fêtes des Beaux Arts* seems to have excited a very lively interest on the Continent, and the *Salon d'Exposition* was the resort of the amateurs of all nations, who viewed, with feelings of the highest pleasure, these choice treasures from the hands of living painters, sculptors, and engravers.

We were aware that circular letters had been dispatched all over Europe, by the Belgian government, inviting artists of eminence to an honourable competition. It was delightful to perceive the manner in which the call was responded to by the artists of all nations. Those who did not contribute by their productions, assisted in their patronage; and there was manifested an emulation of philanthropy, far brighter than rivalry or ambition. In the letters alluded to, it had been announced that the managers of the exhibition would impose no formal impediments, and that the expenses of forwarding the productions would be paid by the Belgian government. In consequence of the liberal spirit thus manifested, several English and French painters mingled their works with those of the Belgian painters of merit.

The artist who most distinguished himself of all the Belgians was Gustavus Wappers. This meritorious individual, within the brief space of three years, having become the greatest modern painter of his country, has been appointed principal painter to the king of the Belgians. The painting most admired from the hands of Wappers, was "*Christ au tombeau*," standing No. 416 in the catalogue, which our correspondent states, would do honour to the most illustrious artist of any country. "*Les Cascades du Canton de Berne et du Pays de Treves*," by Van Assche, attracted much notice. Van Hanselaere's picture of "*Les Pèlerinages de Naples*," was also an excellent performance. A painting by Gudin, the French artist, (No. 151,) was the gem of the exhibition. Its title is "*Les Marais Pontins*." Gudin had other works there of acknowledged merit, viz. "*Le Pilote Napolitaine*," and "*Le Navire sur la Côte de Gènes*." Two paintings of cattle in a meadow, and a flock terrified by a storm,

by Eugene Verboeckhoven; and a painting called "*Les Oies du frère Philippe*," by Navez, were excellent. This latter artist had seven other pictures in the same exhibition.

We must not omit to mention that the pictures of Martin, and the Reinagles of our own country, afforded considerable delight. Peculiar interest was felt in behalf of the Reinagles, from the novelty of four members of the same family all arriving at considerable eminence in the same art. Philip Reinagle; Miss Reinagle, his daughter; Ramsay Richard Reinagle, the son of Philip; and George Reinagle, the son of Ramsay Richard, exhibited in the whole, twelve pictures, consisting of landscapes, marine views, and portraits. They were all of considerable merit. Among the rest our correspondent selected the victory of Napier on the 6th July, 1833, and a Belgian ship, by George Reinagle; two portraits, one of M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian minister to the court of London; and the other, of a lady, by Ramsay Richard Reinagle. The correctness of the likenesses of these portraits was much admired; and the portraits were also remarkable for their vigorous outline, beauty of expression, and chaste colouring.

Philip Reinagle is now upwards of eighty years of age; but displays all the vigour of imagination and the warmth of sentiment of a youthful artist. Ramsay Richard Reinagle is a member of the Royal Academy of London.

Proof Illustrations to the Literary Souvenir for 1834.

LONGMAN AND CO., LONDON.

THESE are delightful embellishments to a delightful book, the *Souvenir*, edited by Mr. Alaric A. Watts. We will examine them without further preamble. The "*Oriental Love Letter*," painted by Detouche and engraved by Ensom. This is a sweet plate, the serenader has been rewarded for his labours under his mistress' window, by a rose and sprig of myrtle from her own fair hand, which *bullet d'or* he is receiving with all due delight, and yet cannot so far disturb himself as to rise for. The "*Departure for Waterloo*." This also is exquisite, it represents the soldier taking leave of his family, and the various figures surrounding him are excellent. The boy at the horse's head, sorrowful at his father's departure, but yet sufficiently aware of the importance of his own office, not to give any lively manifestations of his grief; the fond wife bringing out her younger children to receive their parent's last caress, while his aged mother at the door is

gazing mournfully upon the whole scene. Painted by Edmonstone, and admirably engraved by Shenton. "Innocence," painted by Greuse, and engraved by Sangster. A pretty head of a child trying the experiment, whether pigeons will eat cherries. "Austrian Pilgrims." A well executed plate by Allen, from a painting by Lewis. "St. Michael's Mount." A very spirited view, and well engraved; painted by Bentley, and engraved by J. Thomas. "The Fisher's wife." A very handsome woman, going out shrimping. The effect of the wind on her drapery is capital. "The Contrast"; this is also a very sweet engraving, by P. Lightfoot, from a picture by J. Wright. "The Portrait," painted and engraved by F. C. Lewis. A lovely countenance, but the engraving is not so good as in some of the other prints. "Hawking," by Greatbatch, after Cattermole, is excellent. The figure of the lady is very sweet, but we think her husband (as we conjecture) rather too stern; yet he is doubtless,

"In close fight a champion grim;"

and from his finely formed head, we may also conclude him to be

"In camps, a leader sage."

"The Fisherman's Children," engraved by Outrim from a picture by Collins, R. A. A lovely engraving. The three young ones are engaged in washing some fish. The beautiful child facing us is holding the spoil, ready to supply his elder brother, who, with legs and arms bare, is washing away manfully. The little girl is superintending the operation. The scene behind is very pretty. This is, in our judgment, one of the most interesting plates we have met with in the *Annals* for some years.

These illustrations are worthy of a place in the portefeuille of the most tasteful, or most fastidious collector in England. The great beauty of their execution, combined with the very judicious selection of their subjects, conspires to place the volume they are designed to adorn, among the first works in this enchanting department of art.

The reflection naturally forces itself on the mind while the eye is engaged on these beautiful productions, that the present standard of perfection in this branch of the Fine Arts, and which we think, and deservedly, so much of, will be scarcely deemed *mediocre* by our successors some fifty years hence. The sweet embellishments, which are now envied presents to the gayest and fairest of the land, may then probably be considered as worthy only of a place in the nursery scrap

book. Were this thought more frequently in the minds of artists, both painters and gravers, yes, and of sculptors too, we should see far less of the indifferent in the works of either. Each would strive with far greater vigour to render his productions more worthy of the notice of posterity. It was on this principle that the ancients proceeded, and it is owing to these principles having been well developed among them that their works are now the wonder and admiration of the world. They aimed at excellence—not at praise, and though many of their most distinguished artists languished for a time under neglect and discouragement, yet in the end this principle triumphed, as it always must do, in the diffusion of a sound and healthy taste, which would sanction only what was really deserving. Let British Artists imitate this example, and equally successful will be their endeavours.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Winter Exhibition.

THIS Society has been established about ten years. The members of it commenced their career upon the most liberal principles, which up to the present period it has been their study to support and maintain.—On its formation a large sum was soon collected by liberal subscriptions and donations, and the society opened their first exhibition under the most favourable auspices. But notwithstanding every care, it was believed by many to be supported only by the disaffected and disappointed, and could not therefore as a society either stand or succeed. Time, however, has fully shewn the fallacy of this belief, and so far from being supported by a disappointed faction, this society has been the means of bringing forward many of the first artists of the present day. The invitation to exhibit in this gallery has been freely given to every artist, without reference to any party or to any laws, which may regulate or govern other institutions of art; and we have had frequent occasion to notice that an unknown artist, has only to display talent to secure a prominent situation in the exhibitions of this society.

The plan of opening a winter exhibition of the works of living and deceased British Artists has long occupied the attention of the members of this society; but for various and obvious reasons it was not acted upon until last year. The object in view, which was that of opening a new field for the information and instruction of artists, and of drawing the attention of the public to the finer specimens of modern art

was found by the result of their last winter exhibition to have answered to a certain extent, only owing in a great measure to the difficulty of obtaining works for exhibition upon so novel a plan.

The present exhibition is superior in many respects to the last, and if those patrons of art and those artists, who have so generously granted the loan of their pictures for this exhibition, continue the support they have already afforded to the society, it will, in progress of time, form a school for the study and instruction of artists, superior to anything of the kind ever attempted. There is a two-fold benefit to be derived from an exhibition like the present; it shews us what art was, and how public opinion appreciated it, and if we continue the argument, we shall find that the taste of the public, was *not* upon a par with the excellence of art, for we find that pictures which looked, but as second-rate in the scale of merit, were *then* preferred to those which have *now* taken their places.

In the present exhibition, the society has brought into contact the works of contemporary artists of past times, and have thus begun the formation (if we may so express it) of a history of art, illustrated by the works of those artists, who, in their time, held considerable influence over public taste.

By reference to their address, we find that the present exhibition is gratuitously offered to every known artist, to whom the instruction thus afforded will prove the means of inducing those who now visit them, to send their works to this gallery for the Spring exhibition.

We shall now proceed to notice some of the works of art, premising, however, that our remarks will be directed more to the beauties and excellencies of the pictures, with a view to information and instruction, than to pointing out their defects by carping criticism, and ill-judged illiberality.

NO. 1. A GRYPHON PURSUING AN ARIMASPIAN—*Fuseli*.

"As when a gryphon through the wilderness,
With winged course, o'er hill and moory dale
Pursues the Arimasbian, who by stealth,
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold."

This is a fine picture; the Arimasbian is represented clinging to a rock with convulsive energy, the struggling attitude of the limbs, and their powerful muscular action are finely brought out and painted with a skill and knowledge of art, in which Fuseli had few rivals; the grey moory wilderness in the distance, the monster gryphon bound-

ing across it with resistless energy, and the huge rock in the foreground, are all well portrayed; but the figure of the Arimasian alone would afford a fine subject for study to any artist.

No. 5. LLANGOLLEN, NORTH WALES—Wilson. All Wilson's landscapes are beautiful, and this is pre-eminently so. Time has given to it a quiet subdued tone of colouring, which harmonizes well with the scene itself. The different shades of green are not roughly or harshly intermingled, the fore-ground foliage of the trees stands out in rich relief, and the distant scenery is touched with that gentle tint which we have so often noticed in Wilson's landscapes. It is a delicious picture.

No. 6. MRS. SIDDONS BEARING AWAY THE EMBLEMS OF TRAGEDY FROM THE TOMB OF SHAKESPEARE—Sir W. Beechey, R. A. This may be termed in the truest and strictest sense of the word a beautiful picture—it was painted in the year 1793, yet the colouring is even now as delicious and delicate as when first laid on. The figure of the actress is well drawn—the attitude is correct, and the drapery disposed with great effect. The resemblance of the countenance (impressed with a solemn joyousness) is very good, and the whole composition may rank with the finest of Sir W. Beechey's pictures. It is one of the most attractive in the exhibition.

No. 7. GRENVILLE TEMPLE, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM—Gainsborough. This portrait is not one of "a stout gentleman trying to look studious," as a weekly contemporary has somewhat foolishly termed it, but one of a hearty good-looking English gentleman, and well painted withal.

No. 8. LANDSCAPE AND CATTLE—T. C. Cooper. Our attention was first directed to the works of this young artist by a beautiful painting of cattle at one of the meetings of the City of London Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione, and which was exhibited at the spring exhibition of this Society. The opinion we then gave of its merits we may here repeat, with reference to this smaller painting:—there is a boldness and freedom in his touch which is to be admired, and the lightness and finish with which he lays on his colours relieves the otherwise heavy character of the subjects which he chooses. Of the cattle we like the one on the left-hand best—the willow-tree is well drawn, and the view of Bingley-gate and West-gate beyond, we know, from our own recollection to be correct.

No. 9. CATTLE, A COMPOSITION—J. J. Wilson, jun. A subject similar to the last, but differently treated; the drawing and colouring, though somewhat sketchy, are worthy of favourable notice.

No. 10. THE YOUNG ANGLERS—J. A. Puller. This is a very

sweet and graceful composition. The artist has evidently painted it *con amore*.

No. 11. MARY AND JESUS.—THESEUS AND ARIADNE.—Fuseli. The first of these pictures we do not like, there is a coarseness and vulgarity of colouring about it, which the subject of the picture did not warrant. The flesh-tints might have been clearer, and the drapery arranged in a more flowing manner than it has been. The second picture, Theseus and Ariadne, is one on which the artist was evidently more at home, there is a force and power of colouring about it which none could display better than Fuseli; the delicate and graceful figure of Ariadne contrasts well with the vigorous and manly form of Theseus. The dark tone of the back-ground throws out the light flesh-tints of the limbs in graceful relief, and the attitude of each figure is easy and natural. We could have gazed for many hours on this beautiful picture.

No. 13. PORTRAIT OF R. FUSELI, R. A.—Harlowe.—A good and characteristic likeness of the painter, whose works we have just noticed.

No. 14. THE LABOURER'S MEAL.—W. Kidd. This scene of homely rusticity is a very pleasing one, and forms a very sweet subject for a picture.

No. 17. VANDEWELDE'S YACHT.—J. Wilson. This is a noble and spirited picture—the subject is a battle-scene at sea, and the smoke, confusion, and war-fray are well made out. The leaden colour of the air and of the sea, may be perhaps somewhat too palpable, but these trifling defects do not detract materially from the general merits of the composition.

No. 18. PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN.—Reynolds. There is a noble dignity and grace about this portrait, which so frequently characterizes the performances of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and which we shall have frequent occasion to refer to in noticing his other pictures in this exhibition.

No. 19. DOVER PIER.—E. Childe. This scene is taken from the sea:—the pier in the fore-ground is well delineated; and the perspective view of the castle in the distance gives a pleasing finish to the picture.

No. 20. LANDSCAPE, MOON-LIGHT.—T. C. Hosland.—We have always admired Mr. Hosland's moon-light scenes, there is a glowing freshness about them which reminds us of nature, a pure delicious softness which moon-light only gives, and we know of no artist who delineates these with more force and truth than Mr. Hosland; let the

artist examine this beautiful little picture attentively, and he will agree with us in opinion.

No. 22. WOODCUTTERS—*J. A. Puller*. This picture is placed almost too low to be well examined; but we saw sufficient of it to convince us that the artist has from a pleasing subject made a still more pleasing picture. We believe it is sold.

No. 23. THE PET PARROT—*S. A. Hart*. We should hardly have recognized this picture to have been one of Mr. Hart's, it is we opine rather out of his usual style; both the subject and the execution of it are however very good, the attitude of the girl is easy and natural, and the whole picture is a very pleasing one.

No. 24. GIRL READING—*A. Woolmer*. A sketch and a very pleasing one.

No. 25. SCENE FROM A GERMAN ROMANCE—*Fuseli*. This picture affords a true specimen of what Fuseli could do, when the spirit of wildness and mysticism was upon him. The fore-ground is occupied by an extended corpse, over which veiled mourners are weeping, whilst through an archway in the back-ground, a figure is seen on his knees in prayer. The colouring is coarse and dirty.

No. 26. PORTRAIT OF A LADY—*Lawrence*. This is a portrait of Mrs. Perry—the rich fleshy tints are sobered down, and the now sober tone of its colouring contrasts well with the older pictures around it.

No. 32. OLIVER CROMWELL SUPPRESSING THE MUTINY IN THE ARMY—*R. Smirke, R. A.* There is a great deal of fine art in this bold and effective picture. The attitude of the Protector is that of a man "born to command," and the whole subject forms a fine one for a painter.

No. 33. FAMILY PORTRAITS—*Reynolds*. The student in art will do well to examine this beautiful picture attentively, it is full of art and simplicity: the playful and graceful attitudes of the children, the artistic disposition of the figures, and the general tone and harmony of the whole composition, point it out as an extraordinary specimen of the genius of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

No. 34. LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES—*Gainsborough*. This picture is a delightful specimen of Gainsborough's pencil.

No. 38. THE MINER—*J. Ward, R. A.* The grey lights and shadows of the rocky mine are well "put in;" the old guzzly miner is of himself "a perfect character."

No. 39. SCENE FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—*Stothard*. A very sweet composition, redolent with all the lightness,

vivacity, and grace of Stothard's pencil; and the colouring is clear, fresh, and sparkling. We shall notice some other of his paintings in this exhibition.

No. 41. ITALIAN LANDSCAPE—*Wilson*. One of those charming scenes in which Wilson's genius seemed to delight; and though the glow of colour has been sobered down, the distance and aerial perspective are still very delicate and beautiful.

No. 42. INDUSTRY.—43. IDLENESS.—44. WINTER SCENE—*Morland*. These are three homely scenes, the relative character of each is well kept up, and if they lack any display of art, they will not fail to please many who look at them.

No. 54. INFANCY.—55. YOUTH.—56. MANHOOD.—57. AGE—*Stothard*. These are four charming pictures, glowing with all the grace, beauty, and simplicity of Stothard's pencil. The creatures he paints are not those of every day, there is a lightness and airiness about them which few but Stothard can depict; and the delicacy and beauty of the colours are laid on by a master hand.

No. 68. THE FIGHTING DOGS—*Gainsborough*. This we had almost said is one of the finest pictures in the world. It is painted with a light pencil; but yet with all the force of lightness which characterizes many of the productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The drawing is exquisite, the whole composition elegant and graceful, yet full of the simple and rustic character of its subject. Look at the natural attitude of the boys, the figure of the one thrown forward with his arm uplifted, and the other pressing him backwards. The action of the fighting dogs is perfect, and the whole composition glows with the rustic beauty and simplicity of nature. The picture forms a fine subject of study for the young artist.

No. 66. THE GOLDEN CALF—*Zuccarelli*. Although perhaps the general composition of this picture may not be effective, and may be somewhat wanting in harmony of tone; there are yet parts of it which display very beautiful drawing and colouring:—the figure of the high-priest, the altar of sacrifice, and the figure of the lamb-slayer, may be thus noticed, and the artist who examines the picture carefully will see much to admire in it.

No. 67.—MILTON—*John Boaden*. This is a very fine head of the Author of *Paradise Lost*—the countenance is well drawn; the expression is that of a solemn calmness and resignation.—We admire the picture much.

No. 68.—PORTRAIT OF THE LATE R. P. BONNINGTON—*Mrs. W. Carpenter*. This portrait is a fine expressive one, and none can view

it without a feeling of regret that the lamented subject of it should have been so soon removed from the high rank in art to which he had attained:—the likeness is acknowledged to be good, and we shall have further opportunity afforded us of pointing out the merits of Mrs. Carpenter as an artist.

No. 69. MRS. HOGARTH'S INTRODUCTION TO HER FAMILY AFTER HER MARRIAGE, &c.—*Hogarth*. This is one of Hogarth's serio-comic scenes. The figures are well drawn and placed in the picture, and we should have known it without the painter's name being attached.

No. 71. WOOD GATHERERS.—77. THE RECRUIT—*Morland*. Two very good pictures, and although on different subjects, the painter has entered fully into the spirit of each. The Recruit is a fine, raw-faced country lad, "wearing his blushing honours" of cap and ribbon "thick upon him."

No. 72. A MARKET CART—*Gainsborough*. This picture needs but to be viewed to be admired—it is a charming and delightful specimen of Gainsborough's pencil.

No. 73. FAMILY PORTRAITS—*Reynolds*. This picture, though a beautiful one, is not true in tone. The colours of the flesh and drapery have been victimized by the merciless taste of the picture cleaner. There is still, however, much grace of action, and much beauty of drawing about it. In composition it may perhaps be considered faulty, compared with Reynolds's; for he has no parallel but himself: but it is still an exquisite picture.

No. 78.—AN INTERIOR—*Arrowsmith*. Somewhat cold perhaps in tone—a defect, however, which is hidden by the other excellencies of the picture.

No. 81. DESIGN FOR A LARGE PICTURE, INTENDED FOR ONE OF THE PALACES OF GEORGE III.—*West*. If we may judge from this design, the picture would have formed one of the finest works of the painter.

No. 82. GROVE SCENE—*Crome*. This picture is full of all the excellencies of landscape painting.

No. 83.—THE WATER-CRESS GIRL—*C. Smith*. There is a fine feeling of nature about this picture which we admire much.

No. 84.—DISTANT VIEW OF MARGATE CLIFFS FROM THE SEA—*J. M. W. Turner, R. A.* This is a beautiful little picture:—the distant aerial effect of the white clouds over the sea-cliffs is very light, and the whole is a very charming specimen of perspective.

No. 86. THE BARD—*Reynolds*. A most noble and spirited conception—there is a degree of force and freedom in the whole design:—

the countenance is very fine, and the picture is worthy of the genius of Sir Joshua.

No. 87. POST-BOY'S STABLE—*Morland*. The artist has only to look at this picture to pronounce it one of the finest of *Morland's* works.

No. 91.—ITALIAN FEMALE AND CHILD—*R. Edmonstone*. This is a very sweet little bit of painting:—there is a delicate richness in the colouring and a lightness of effect that we like much.

No. 95.—SCENE ON BUTTERMERE—*J. B. Pyne*. We believe Mr. Pyne is one of those artists whose works we had so much pleasure in noticing in the Spring Exhibition at this Gallery—his “Clifton” was a beautiful picture:—this “scene” will not detract from his rising reputation.

No. 98. PORTRAIT OF HAYWOOD, ESQ.—105. PORTRAIT OF MRS. HAYWOOD—*Gainsborough*. There is nothing worthy of remark in these two portraits. We notice them to remark that the drapery in the latter picture is not done by *Gainsborough*.

No. 101. THAIS—*Sir J. Reynolds*. This is a fine picture, the drawing is very correct and the tone and colouring very good, the whole composition deserves attention as forming one of the finest specimens of Sir Joshua's art.

No. 111. VIEW OF CIVITA CASTELLANA—*R. R. Reinagle*. This is a very beautiful Italian scene, glowing with all the richness and beauty of that sunny clime.—The lights and shadows have a very delightful effect.

No. 113. MRS. THRALE AND HER DAUGHTER—*Reynolds*. This is a very charming composition; of the two figures we prefer that of the “Daughter,” the light touch and effect on the countenance, contrasted with the dark tone on the neck, gives to the whole a high artistical effect. The artist who examines this picture carefully will find much to admire in it.

FINDEN'S *Landscape Illustrations* to MR. MURRAY'S edition of the *Life and Works of LORD BYRON*.—No. XVIII. Murray—Tilt.

WITH the present number of this beautiful work, the Proprietors state, that they had originally intended to confine the parts of these Illustrations to the number of the volumes of the edition they are designed to embellish. It is found, however, there being so large a field presented to the artist and engraver in the works of Lord Byron,

that to adhere to this intention would be to exclude from the collection numerous subjects of great beauty and interest. The Proprietors have therefore determined to throw themselves upon public taste and liberality, and to extend the work from seventeen to twenty-four parts. We are sure they will not be disappointed, and that when the aforesaid public shall have seen the tempting list of promised engravings, it will hold out to the undertaking the patronage it merits.

The first number of this continuation is now before us. It contains a view of the entrance to Ancona, abounding in softness and beauty. Padua—still more beautiful. The celebrated Tivoli, mentioned by Moore as the scene which every sketcher thinks himself entitled to embellish with extempore columns, statues, grottoes, &c. *ad libitum*. Newstead Abbey. A most exquisite plate. The fine lake in front of that venerable pile, and the beauty of the sky, spanned by the rainbow, give an enchanting appearance to this engraving. The Countess of Jersey. A lovely face, which, though at first sight slightly deficient in expression, becomes more and more fascinating the longer we gaze. We think this part of these Illustrations one of the most valuable which has yet appeared. The view of Newstead alone gives it a peculiar interest in the eyes of Lord Byron's reader—the world.

A General View of the United States of America. London: O. Rich,
1833.

An exceedingly useful little work, well corresponding to its title. The publisher states in his preface, that there has been much demand for such a book, and that he has endeavoured to answer the public call, by compressing into a small compass the essence of many voluminous works on the subject of America. He has succeeded in compiling a volume, which, while admirably adapted for reference, affords much entertainment to the light reader. It is divided into the following branches, viz. 1st, The history of the States from 1667; 2dly, Their geography and statistics; 3dly, The system of education pursued in the country, under which head are comprised, the condition of the people, their religion, and political institutions; and, 4thly, The state of American literature. We have then a useful account of each individual state, its history, internal administration, schools, edifices, and peculiarities; and an appendix, containing the celebrated

declaration of independence; the established constitution of the United States, and various acts of that government.

It is by works of this kind which improve the mutual knowledge of nations, that old prejudices are to be removed, and the way prepared for a more universal system of organization. England and America have long been taught to consider each other as an enemy, and we are sorry to see many writers, even of the present day, labouring to keep up this feeling rather than to repress it. But their efforts are in vain, determined malevolence and revengeful spite may expend themselves as they will, while information is keeping pace with their movements. The more these two great nations know of each other, the more they will perceive how utterly absurd have been their previous views, and the more they will perceive that their future contests must be those, not of hatred and animosity, but for the palm of superiority in order, science, and literature.

Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.—

Part II. TILT, LONDON.

WE are sorry to find that this work has not met with the encouragement it deserves, and that the proprietors have been compelled to bring it to a conclusion, much sooner than they had originally intended. In their address, these gentlemen assign the prevalent taste for works of a smaller description as one of the causes of this neglect. This may be correct, but we confess that we should be exceedingly ill pleased, did we imagine this taste to be a symptom of national character. We trust the day will never arrive, when in England the Cartoon shall be bartered for the enamel, and in the present case would hope that the work has not been sufficiently made known, or lay the blame anywhere, rather than admit such a stigma upon British taste.

There are as usual three engravings in the present number. The first is the "Bandit's Daughter," well executed, from a picture by G. Cattermole. The expression in the countenances of the two central robbers is admirable, nor is the face of the girl herself, though rendered wild and haggard by her distressing situation, at all devoid of interest. The story depicted in the design is thoroughly German. Bandit—Baron—Murdered Traveller—Discovered Daughter, &c. The next is the Cathedral of Cambray, the scene of many of the pastoral labours, and the hallowed abode of the ashes of the pious Fenelon. The en-

graving is very good. The closing plate we think the best. It is entitled—"Scottish Peasants," from a picture by Cristall. Four handsomer women are seldom to be met with than those in the centre of this engraving;—bare-armed, and bare-legged, and deficient neither in size nor strength, appear the Highland lassies, with pails on their heads and in their hands; the cows in the back ground denoting their occupation. This plate is beautifully engraved.

We trust this work will be re-commenced at no very distant time, when we doubt not the eyes of the lovers of the Fine Arts will be more successfully attracted. The manner in which it has been already carried on does all parties concerned in its production very great credit, and the Proprietors will retire from the field, for the present, with the consciousness that though they have not obtained their reward, they have done better—they have *deserved* it.

The Landscape Annual for 1834. London, Jennings and Chaplin.

THE Annuals! Now for a rich feast to the votaries and admirers of the fine arts. Fix the temple where you please, these charming volumes form its altar. Gentlemen! examine your purses; the ladies of your love are already expecting one of these tokens of regard; Unless you comply, farewell to your hopes. These missives are as indispensable to a lover here, as flowers to one in the East. Equally beautiful, though blooming at an opposite season, they are rarely unsuccessful. Less suspected in their appearance, and more welcome to the receiver, quietly and surely they do their duty. Who would be unarmed when such celestial weapons are presented to his grasp?

Without making any invidious distinction, we commence with the Annual which we first received. The *Landscape Annual*; or the *Tourist in France*. This gentleman has been making admirable use of his time, and while we were gazing with delight on his gleanings from Italy, we dreamed not that he was seeking fresh beauties for our enchanted eyes, in the sunny vallies and smiling plains of modern Gaul. He was,—and having returned in safety, he submits his portfolio for our eager inspection. We receive it, gentle wanderer, with many thanks, and beg of thee that our readers may be permitted to view its contents also.

The interior of the Church at Polignac. This is engraved from a

drawing by Harding, as are all the views in this volume. It is taken from an excellent point, and serves to give a good idea of the whole building. It is not, however, so highly finished as some scenes which follow. *A Street at Villeneuve.* This is very pretty. In one corner may be seen a young couple, engaged in the idle business of love, and eagerly watched from the ascent behind, by a female whose curiosity is interrupting her duties. Then in front are two matrons, apparently nowise indisposed to quarrel, though perhaps the look of the senior, who is turning away in huge disdain from the spirited expression of her neighbour, is sufficient warrant against such a catastrophe. This, we repeat, is a very pretty little piece. A beautiful and characteristic view of Mount Ferraud follows. We have next a fine engraving of the approach to Royat, exceedingly magnificent, which is succeeded by a view of a part of that village itself. The next view, that of Pont du Chateau is very sweet, as is the next—The Town of Pont du Chateau. The approach to Thiers is fine, and is followed by a view of that place. A stream, flowing through the part of the town depicted in the engraving, gives rather a pleasing appearance to what would not otherwise be particularly imposing. Several very pretty scenes follow, but we have only space to notice Aurillac. This is a picturesque town, seated in a valley, and flanked by some splendid scenery. The celebrated Avignon is beautifully given, and is one of the sweetest engravings in the volume. There are also several other views which we wish we could describe at length. The literary part of the work is admirably managed, and some of the tales are instructive, as well as amusing. There are, in the account which accompanies the view of Royat, some highly interesting particulars relative to the secret tribunal, so long the dread of Germany. Our readers will doubtless recollect the scene in *Anne of Gierstein*, where the earl of Oxford is placed at the bar of this tremendous court, and will therefore find much pleasure in reading the account here given. It is too long for transcription, or we should be happy to have given it entire.

In conclusion, we are deeply indebted to our Tourist for this delicious volume. He is now, perhaps, far away, preparing for our future gratification some yet more enchanting scenes, yet his thoughts must often revert to his native land, and his own delight must be very great, when he reflects how much pleasure he has afforded to others. Mr. Roscoe also, the learned and talented author of the literary part of the work, deserves his full meed of praise. The book, as we said, will soon be in the hands of hundreds of fair readers, and surely their approbation is enough. Moore is reported to have said, that the

greatest delight he ever experienced was when, told by a friend that his enchanting melodies were in the hands, and on the lips of every beauty in England. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "that is fame worth having." Can our friends of the Landscape Annual desire more.

Illustrations to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. Part II.
Tilt, London.

CONTRARY to the order of the work itself, but in strict accordance with the rules of modern politeness, and with that feeling of chivalrie which breathes through all the works of him whose writings these engravings are intended to adorn, we take the liberty of commencing our notice of the present number of these illustrations by offering a remark on the portrait of MATILDA, from Rokeby, which is here given, and which (by the way) is taken from a painting by another lady—Mrs. Carpenter. This is really very beautiful—the "soft sadness" is expressed with great fidelity, and the *tout ensemble* of the picture is exceedingly sweet.

"Wreathed in its dark brown rings, her hair
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid, and half revealed to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue."

The first of the landscapes in the number before us, is a view of the "Rhymer's Tower"—the abode of the celebrated Thomas of Erceldoune, upon whom the fairy queen bestowed the highly inconvenient gift of a "tongue which could not lie." The engraving is soft and good. The next is Roslin Castle, immortalized in the Lay of the Last Minstrel. The glen is fine, and the execution excellent. "Braid Hills," from Marmion, succeeds, but there is nothing particularly striking in the plate. "The Brig of Bracklin" is very superb. The abruptness of the rocks right and left, and the brig itself, crossing mid-air like a thread, give an imposing appearance to this view. The waterfall is also admirable. We think this and "Matilda," the two best plates in this number. We are happy to see that the work is kept up with so much spirit, which is a *sine quâ non* in securing the success of an undertaking of this nature.

The Comic Offering for 1834. Edited by Miss L. H. SHERIDAN.
Smith, Elder, & Co. London.

Our friends will excuse any inaccuracies in the present notice; for, positively, we are sore with laughing. We opened Miss Sheridan's book last night, "and have never been our own men since." We seriously, could we but bring out the word for convulsive sobs, we seriously intend to suggest, at the next session of Parliament, a far more effectual plan for alleviating the distresses of the people than any yet proposed—in short, to obtain Miss Sheridan's leave to reprint all her engravings, with selections from her letter-press; and to distribute them gratuitously throughout all England. We will guarantee the Honourable Houses being plagued with no more petitions for six months to come.

The names of Mrs. C. B. Wilson, T. Dibdin, T. H. Bayley, and many more of vast renown in the Pam-ic war, appear in the present volume. The cuts are, as usual, inimitable. Among the best we would, with a shaking hand, point out "Vivat Wrecks;" "Sea-duck-shun;" "Water Wagtails, *la pool*"—this is awfully ludicrous; and "Lofty Ben Lomond, and Little Ben Dockey!" "A man of good works" is most curiously *apropos*. Of the tales, we think the "Cad," by Lady Clarke, the best. "The near-sighted man" is also excellent. The "Knight of the Swan," a tale of the days of chivalry, is laughably absurd. Perhaps, "To choose a husband," is the best of the poetry. It is by the fair editress herself.

"If he sends you on rose-scented paper

The softest, the fondest of notes;—

If he speaks of the pale mid-night taper,—

(And wears the most exquisite coats:)

If he quotes from the very last novel—

(If his cravat is put on with style:)

If he raves about love in a hovel—

(With four splendid mansions the while!)

If he writes in your Album a sonnet,

Lays on "unadorned beauty" a stress,—

(Then praises the style of your bonnet:)

My loved Julietta, say "Yes!"

We cannot go on, we are dying with laughter, but there is fortunately one cure within our reach—we engaged with a friend to hear Liston to-night.

Twelve Etched Outlines, from sketches by CHARLES WILD. To be had of the Author, 35, Albemarle Street, London.

THESE Outlines are from some excellent architectural sketches made in Belgium, Germany, and France, by Mr. Wild previous to 1827, since which time the author has, unfortunately for himself, but far more so for the public, been deprived of the inestimable faculty of sight. It is a delicate subject to touch upon, but a man of genius cannot have forgotten the names of Milton and many others who have laboured under the same infirmity, and this recollection may bring some alleviation, though a trifling one, to that affliction, under which Mr. Wild is at present labouring, and in which we beg most sincerely to say how much we sympathize.

These etchings are exceedingly rich and beautiful, and consist of sketches from some of the most splendid monuments of antiquity, in the countries above mentioned. The exertions of the author must have been indefatigable, and the labour which must have been expended upon each view, immense. One of the finest is the choir of the church of Saint James at Liege, which in richness surpasses most buildings we recollect seeing. The chapel of the Virgin in the church of Saint Charles Borromeo, at Antwerp, is also superb, and when lighted with innumerable lamps, filled with the most fragrant incense and blazing in all the pomp and circumstance of the most magnificent form of worship in the world,—that of the church of Rome, must present an effect unrivalled on earth.

Should the sale of this work be equal to its merits, which there is no reason to doubt, the life of its author will be cheered and his wants provided for, though he be himself unable to use the least exertion for that purpose. We trust that such will be the case, and bid him heartily farewell.

Friendship's Offering, for 1834. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. LONDON.

It is with much pleasure that we hail the appearance on our library table of this very popular work. It is one of the best of those annual flowers which beautify our winters with their varied colours. The present volume abounds in exquisite plates, while the literary contents of the volume are—precisely what they should be. This is saying a great deal, for in works of this kind, as the engravings are the chief attraction, the Editors frequently think themselves at liberty to fill up

the letter-press department with whatever first offers; and the consequence is that the annual is looked through, the plates are admired, and most likely torn out for the *portfeuille*, and the remainder consigned to the domestics or the fire, possibly both. The present volume of the Friendship's Offering is however quite safe from such a catastrophe, one part of the work being correspondent to the excellence of the other.

The first engraving is called "The Devotee." It is executed in a singularly beautiful manner by Finden, from a painting by J. M. Moore. We think the lady's face might have been slightly improved, but with this exception the plate is faultless. We do not know that we ever met with a more beautiful portrait than "My first Love," which follows. The softness and sweetness of the maiden's countenance are enchanting. The engraving is worth the price of the volume. It is by Cook from an engraving by Richter, and illustrated by a pretty tale by Leitch Ritchie. "Innocence" the next plate is not to our taste; we admire innocence, but cannot see why it may not be coupled with beauty. "Grace Kennedy" is however a pleasing tale. "Venus and Æneas on the shore of Carthage." The scenery is exquisite. "The Carpenter's Daughter," it is only necessary to say, is a tale by Miss Mitford. "The Albanian" engraved by Finden, from a drawing by Purser, is a delightful plate. The illustrating story is well told. There follows a beautiful engraving of "The Chieftain's Daughter," intended to personify Flora M'Ivor, and accompanied by the celebrated lines from Waverley:—

"There is mist on the mountain and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael."

But though sweet in itself, the plate does not embody the idea of the high-souled woman it is intended to represent. We never saw a picture which did. "The Ball Room" is a busy stirring scene, though it partakes of Stephanoff's usual failing—stiffness; it is in truth *stiff enough* all over. It is beautifully engraved by S. S. Smith. A well executed engraving from Jackson's (R.A.) "Donna Francesca." "Ill got, ill gone" an Irish sketch by Banim, is exceeding entertaining. The next plate is "The Gondola" by Ryall, from a drawing by Richter. Very sweet. The lady is enchanting. The last engraving "The Absent" is not equal to any of the preceding. This is a pity, it being the only failure in the work. The Editor will, we hope, remember Pelham Bulwer's directions next year, viz. to let your *last impression* be the most favourable.

We have been exceedingly pleased with the volume. There are some very pretty sonnets and other pieces, and the tales as we have said are excellent. The work must succeed this year, and we beg to conclude with our best wishes that the Editor may be equally fortunate in the Friendship's Offering for 1835.

Family Classical Library. No. XLVI. LIVY. Vol. I. Valpy, London.

WE cannot speak too highly of this work: While every thing in the classics, which is likely to have a baleful and pernicious effect upon the female and youthful mind, is avoided with the greatest care, the most elegant translations of the best authors, which preserve most of the beauties of their originals, are supplied at an extremely low price in this excellent undertaking. The ladies ought to be exceedingly obliged to Mr. Valpy for having thrown open to them the way, blocked up for centuries, into a field of enchanting instruction mingled with elegant amusement. He now presents a faithful translation of Livy, a perusal of which will freshen the recollection of the student, while it will afford much entertainment to him who has not had the advantage of a classical education. The work ought to be in the hands of every one.

Valpy's National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture. Part IV.
London: Valpy, 1833.

It is exceedingly unpleasant to us to be compelled to speak of any work of art, in terms of disapprobation, but in the present instance, we are compelled to say that we think this publication a decided failure. A gentleman possessing Mr. Valpy's taste, should not prejudice his character with the public by continuing such a work. In the present number there is not a single engraving, of which we can speak in the language of praise. "Bacchus and Ariadne," is exceedingly poor, and Reynolds' "Holy Family" is all but spoiled. We trust the publisher will see the necessity of either stopping the work entirely, or of getting it up in a very different style. The fault is the more apparent, as the public are so well acquainted with the many productions of acknowledged merit which are continually issuing from Mr. Valpy's press, and we hope for his own credit, that he will adopt our hint, as it is addressed to him in sincerity and friendship.

The Pictorial History of the Bible, consisting of Engravings from Paintings by British Artists. London: M. Arnold, 1833.

The very title-page of this work prepossesses us in its favour, and is another instance of the return of public taste to the productions of native merit. Whenever we see this taste manifested, our aid in its support shall not be wanting, and without the least desire to take praise to ourselves which we do not deserve, we can boldly say that the artists of Britain have found, and shall find, in us, the most unflinching advocates of their cause, in spite of the prejudices of fashion and the ignorance of wealth.

The volume before us contains forty-two engravings, from paintings, from sacred history, by native artists. The size is Demy Quarto, and is therefore adapted for binding up with the holy volume itself, or for the portfolio, as its purchasers may choose. The engravings are splendidly executed; and though we think some of the paintings from which they are taken far from first-rate, yet the majority are excellent, and the subjects judiciously chosen. We have not space to go minutely into the detail of the various engravings, but among the best we would name "Jacob's first sight of Rachel," by Hamilton, R. A. "Manoah's Sacrifice," by the same. "The Angels appearing to the Shepherds," by Stothard, R. A. "Christ and Zebedee's Children," by W. Cuming, who has here (by the way) studied the *interesting*, rather than the text, the children of Zebedee, who are here represented as of the ages of six and eight, being expressly named as among the disciples. The plate is very sweet. "The Widow's Mite,"—the grouping very good, by W. Artaud, and "The Angel freeing the Apostles," by Kirk.

The work is extremely well got up, the execution of the engravings as we have said, are admirable, and the subjects (unlike those in some works) altogether unexceptionable. To the rising generation it will prove a most acceptable present, and will be an incentive to the study of that volume, which, after all, is the most beautiful, as well as the most sublime, in the world.

The Literary Souvenir, for 1834. London: Longman and Co.

"ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more." Another of the *Annuals*, and one of the most tasteful; we have spoken of its beautiful illustrations in another part of our present number, and now we turn to its literary contents with equal pleasure. Had not these been

of great merit this work would never have reached its tenth volume, though its engravings had preserved all their wonted beauty. This year, however, Mr. Alaric Watts's contributors have outdone themselves and we have some of the prettiest tales and poems we have seen for some time. William and Mary Howitt are here in all their usual quiet sweetness, and Miss Pardoe has some very pleasing pieces in verse, and a delightful prose tale called the "Departure for Waterloo." There is much interest in a tale entitled "Eventful Passages in an Unhappy Life." It is inserted anonymously, but does the author, or as we suspect, authoress, much credit. "The Raven's Nest," by the author of the "Tales of the Munster Festivals," will be read with much pleasure by the admirers of the Scott school, as it mingles an interesting tale with some useful historical information. "Allan M'Tavish," is also a pretty tale, the scene, as will be guessed by the name, is laid in Scotland; the writer is the author of "Three Nights in a Lifetime." Of the poetry contained in the present volume, one of the prettiest specimens is "The Departed" by Miss Aiken. Mary Howitt's "Hawking Song" is full of the beauty which breathes through all her compositions. There is a quaint and pleasing sonnet by Sir Aubrey de Vere which we give.—

"She whom this heart must ever hold most dear—
This heart in happy bondage held so long—
Began to sing: at first, a gentle fear
Rosied her countenance; for she is young,
And he who loved her most of all, was near.
But when at last her voice grew clear and strong,
Oh what a fountain of delicious song
Went bubbling from her lips into the air!
Her little hands were sometimes flung apart,
And sometimes palm to palm together prest;
While rapid blushes, rising from her breast,
Kept time with that entrancing melody.
A music to the sight! I, standing by,
Received the falling fountain in my heart."

The Literary Souvenir we consider one of the very best of those enchanting flowers the Annuals. Its contributors are selected from the very first order of genius, and its embellishments are as splendid as taste and skill can render them. The name of its Editor is alone sufficient to make it popular, but Mr. Alaric Watts trusts not to that alone, but produces a volume whose intrinsic merits must win its own way. A successful attempt at advancing the improvement of the Fine

Arts always gives us great pleasure, but in no instance have we been more gratified than in the examination of the *Literary Souvenir* for 1834.

Bristol Institution. (From a Correspondent.)

IN the Gallery of this establishment is an exhibition of pictures, monthly, by Artists of this city and its vicinity: and to a person who was familiar with Bristol thirty years ago, and visited it again at this time, the contrast is at once surprising and gratifying. Then an Artist was a *rara avis*, and a picture by a modern one would not have attracted a passing notice: now, as shewn by this collection, there are not only several professional masters and mistresses of the art, but amateurs contending with them for the meed of fame. The late Edward Bird, and Danby, were brilliant planets in this hemisphere, and there are now some young men, of great promise and powers. Mr. Miller, son of the late curator of the Institution, is among these, or rather at the head—some of his pictures, in the present exhibition, are of high quality: *i. e.* they evince the eye and hand of genius and science. He is now engaged on a picture of singular effect, and subject:—the forge of Messers. Ackerman's great iron foundry, at the time of finishing the largest anchor that has ever been executed.—We hope to see the picture in our National Exhibition at Somerset House.

Forget Me Not.—Ackerman and Co., for 1834.

THIS interesting publication has again arrived with its accustomed splendour. It contains many excellent articles written not merely for juvenile, but adapted for erudite minds; and is replete with sentiment of the purest and most ethereal description. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a detail of its merits. Suffice it at present to say that the names of Miss Lawrence, Captain Campbell, James Wilson, H. F. Chorley, the Old Sailor, Thomas Haynes Bailey, H. D. Inglis, N. Michell, W. L. Stone of New York, Mary Howitt, Allan Cunningham, Cooper, Mary Russel Mitford, T. K. Hervey, R. R. Madden, the late Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Ferguson, the Rev. Richard Polwhele, John Mackay Wilson, Mrs. Abdy, Captain M'Naghten, Bird, the Ettric Shepherd, Mary Leathes Beavor.

The following little poem by Captain M'Naghten peculiarly struck our fancy:

REMEMBER ME NOT.

Fare thee well, oh, my friend! in the hours of thy glee,
 When pleasure is reigning, then think not of me!
 But if ever thy spirits are humbled in grief,
 And the sigh yields no balm, and the tear no relief;
 Oh! think of me then in that desolate lot,
 But in blissfuller moments—remember me not!

In the fulness of health, not a thought on me cast,
 I would not, as a cloud, o'er thy gladness be pass'd;
 Mid the bliss of thy love, be I far from thy mind:
 As on *her* faithful bosom thy head is reclin'd,
 While the sweetness of life, unalloy'd, is thy lot,
 And thou dwell'st in its sunshine—remember me not!

I would come to thy memory, when health fades away,
 Like the darkness of night, on a chill, murky day;
 When the thought although gloomy and bleak it would be,
 Might yield an abatement of anguish to thee:
 But, oh! when prosperity beams on thy lot,
 And thy heart is all happy—remember me not!

When the damp hand of death all thou lovest shall have chill'd
 And thy breast with unutter'd affliction is fill'd;
 When but light to *that* sorrow is all other grief,
 Then the sad thought of me may bring even relief;
 But while yet in her beauty she blesses thy lot,
 And crowns it with fondness—remember me not!

It is not in the ramble, the feast, or the dance,
 Where the young heart's felicity speaks in each glance;
 It is not 'mid the soothing or rapturous strain
 Of music I'd flit through thy memory again;
 Ah no! while such light-hearted pastime's thy lot,
 Let no pain mingle with it—remember *me* not!

Should adversity touch thee, think, think, of me then,
 For I'd soften thy grief, were I near thee again:
 Should thy summer-time friends fall, like flower-leaves away,
 On the coming, all black, of thy evil-fraught day;
 Then believe *me* still steadfast, though blighted thy lot:
 But while fortune is smiling—remember me not!

The Quarterly Review, October, 1833. Murray.

This Number of the *Quarterly Review* is quite as ably written as any of its predecessors. It contains a review of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, viz. 1. *Astronomy and general physics considered with reference to natural theology*—By the Rev. William Whewell, M. A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2. *On the adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of man, principally with reference to the supply of his wants, and the exercise of his intellectual faculties*—By John Kidd, M. D., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford. 3. *The Hand, its mechanism and endowments, as evincing design*—By Sir Charles Bell, K. G. H. 4. *Of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in the adaptation of external nature to the moral and intellectual constitution of man*—By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D. D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

Then follows a review of the infirmities of genius illustrated by referring the anomalies of the literary character to the habits and constitutional peculiarities of men of genius. By R. R. Madden, Esq. Author of *Travels in Turkey*.

We then have a review of the lives of the most ancient British painters, sculptors, and architects—By Allan Cunningham. *Memoirs of the Administration of the Rt. Hon. Henry Pelham*—collected from the family papers and other authentic documents. By William Coxe, M. A., F. R. S., F. S. A., Archdeacon of Wilts. Of the narrative of voyages to explore the shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar; performed in His Majesty's Ships, *Leven* and *Barraconta*, under the direction of Captain W. F. Owen, R. N. Of *Great Britain in 1833*, by Baron d'Haussez, ex-minister of Marine under King Charles X. Of *Grium's Dutche Grammatik*. Of the *Duchess of Berri in La Vendée*; comprising a narrative of her adventures, her private papers and secret correspondence. By General Dermoncourt who arrested her Royal Highness at Nates. Of *Bergami et la Reine de l'Angleterre*, en cinq cites par M. M. Frontar, Depeuty et Maurice Alhoy. Of the *Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament*, &c.

We have given a short sketch of what the publication contains, that our readers may judge of its interest and complexion. Our object, however, being to treat on the *Fine Arts*, we shall consider only the article on *Cunningham's Lives of the Painters*. The talent displayed

in that article sufficiently evinces to our mind, that the writer has been accustomed to the theme, and fully equal to the task of writing on the Fine Arts. He commences by stating that the Quarterly had occasion before to allude to Allan Cunningham's work, which now affords when added to Lord Orford's Anecdotes a complete and compendious history of English Art down to the times in which we live : that the author had of course availed himself of the elder and more detailed lives of the principal masters whom he celebrates, but brings from sources of his own much valuable information. That in the occasional remarks into which he was naturally led, there was in general a spirit of good sense, candour, and good nature, which the reviewers did not admire the less, because from the other writings of the author they were prepared to expect it ; and that his criticisms on art derived additional consequence from his early and long connexion with one of the most popular and original of our sculptors.

The reviewers (for we must take them in a plural sense, because we think we can trace the pen of the learned editor, who, although not an artist himself, possesses general information on all subjects) then proceed to say, as we suppose, in compliment to the author, that they cannot in every work recognize the opinion of Mr. Cunningham himself—that the work is after all, in great part, a compilation : that as each artist becomes in his turn a subject of memoir, each successively emerges into a relative importance, which is often far more than commensurate with that of his performance ; that the original biography on the desk of the author, sometimes the work of the artist himself, sometimes tinged with all the partiality of friendship, in other cases, perhaps, with the bitterness of rivalry, still retained those colours in the abridgment :—and that occasionally the amiable writer sympathises with the complaints of mediocrity, in a manner not entirely consistent with the more rational admissions expressed in his comments on the lives of those whose merit has chanced to be universally acknowledged : that the analogy between poetry and painting, so often pointed out, was not more visible in any particular than in the irritable vanity of their professors ; and that the feuds of Grub Street itself were for a long time not more implacable than those of minor academicians. That their biographer, naturally willing to escape the consequence of personal enmity, often leaned to the good-natured side, and gave rather the panegyric of former friendship, than the deliberate judgment of an impartial world ; while the reviewers thought that the author was sometimes but too willing to gratify the *genus irritabile*, whose quarrels and failures he described, by

a tone of asperity against ignorant lords, ladies, and patrons, not altogether just, but peculiarly gratifying to wounded self complacency, and which the persons thus attacked were not at all likely to retaliate. —That as a whole, however, the book was as instructive as well as a highly amusing one.

The candid and disinterested way in which the reviewers have introduced the article, displays a great *degree of taste*. Still, we cannot help thinking that there is an attempt to gloss over, by fine language, a very great degree of disapprobation. That Allan Cunningham's work is a compilation, no one can dispute, *who will give* himself the trouble to apply to the ordinary *sources of information*; and with this we should have no fault to complain. Nor do we feel disposed to quarrel with an author for his original remarks, even though they be a little beyond the beaten track; for if they are correct, so much the better are they for being original. But whatever talent of a cold critical description there may be displayed in Allan Cunningham's work, it cannot be denied that he displays an occasional favouritism, not borne out by facts nor justified by good taste. There is no subject which requires greater depth of knowledge, or a more extensive range of thoughtful consideration, than the Fine Arts, and yet writers who possess a certain flippancy of style in treating of the Fine Arts, as though a very superficial knowledge only were requisite. It would, indeed, seem that writers of such a description felt that the exercise of a little scientific jargon were sufficient for their purpose, and that the public, who were less profound than themselves, ought not to be enlightened. We do not agree with the editor of the Quarterly, as to the author having any desire "to lean to the good-natured side:" although we agree in the opinion that he gives us rather "the panegyric of former friendship, than the deliberate judgment of an impartial world." But the opinions expressed by Allan Cunningham against Sir Joshua Reynolds, are as illiberal and unjust as the vindication of the reviewer's is noble and eloquent. We will give an extract.

"In the life and history of Reynolds we have the contrast between theory and practice. Unwilling to vaunt the style he himself adopted, and half unconscious of his own excellence, he keenly felt and enjoyed the merits of others, and continued, with characteristic modesty, to enrich his native country with pictures that rival, in effect, whatever was produced in the Venetian school, while he recommended in his discourses the severer graces of the Roman. For years the town rang with praises of the grand style of art and

Michael Angelo, as the parsonage of Wakefield did with Shakspeare, taste and the musical glasses, after the visit of the London lady. Of his audience, few were likely to see, fewer still to understand, and perhaps not one to imitate, the illustrious works of the Vatican and the Sistine—but all could tattle about them, and fully did they avail themselves of the opportunity."

With the exception of some little flippancy of expression, in reference to what the reviewers are pleased to call the daily efforts of the *cockney* muses to travestie the language of Scott, Byron, and Wordsworth—we readily agree with the writer of the article, that propriety of style, whether in writing or in painting—that which communicates with clearness, readiness, and energy, the conceptions of the mind,—will always be an invaluable charm; nor let the artist be discouraged who attains it: first in its less exalted forms, provided he attains it thoroughly.

"There is no royal road to such acquirements; the student who would possess them must enlarge his mind by general, not exclusive observation,—must see, think, compare, and labour for himself—must practise by day till he acquires precision and facility of expression—and meditate by night till he enriches his imagination with all the stores of memory. Indeed, when we consider the various qualifications that must combine, to form even a tolerably good painter, our wonder is, not that such numbers fail, but that so many have succeeded."

The reviewer's remarks are as just as they are lumipous on this latter part of the subject. We sincerely wish that others would give the same consideration to rising genius in the present day, and would estimate the endeavours of young artists to arrive at fame. How easy it is for a writer in any publication to contribute his slender efforts to destroy the reputation, and to blast the hopes of artists. How little do they think that their flippan remarks are calculated to consign to irretrievable ruin, the fame of a youthful aspirant, whose hopes are wholly dependent upon the early encouragement he receives.

We cannot but regret the misfortune that artists are compelled to sacrifice their time and talents to portrait painting as the only means of subsistence. Had this been wholly the case in Italy, would Raphael, Titian, and Velasquez have attained such eminence as they did attain in the higher departments of art, although no person painted portraits in better style? We agree with the reviewers, that talents of the highest order have been employed in portrait painting, though we do

not think that "we owe talents of the highest order" generally to such a practice. It is the very bane of art, and cannot be too much deprecated.

After alluding to Italy as a country where the art was indigenous, the reviewers take a rapid view of painting in England, and vindicates the criticisms of Walpole against those of Cunningham, in a very masterly manner. "Mr. Cunningham quotes the following highly wrought, but essentially just, strict strictures of Walpole, on the *Sigismunda* :—

"He determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England, as the subject of his competition. This was the celebrated *Sigismunda* of Sir Luke Schanb, said to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino—but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth produced his *Sigismunda*, but no more like *Sigismunda* than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the colouring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet just turned out of keeping; and, with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. To add to the disgust raised by such vulgar expression, her fingers were blooded by her lover's heart, that lay before her like that of a sheep for her dinner."

"This, Mr. Cunningham adds, is severe, pointed, and untrue. The *Sigismunda* of Hogarth is not tearing off her ornaments, nor are her fingers blooded with her lover's heart! To which the reviewers state that as an accusation of malice and injustice, is raised on this assertion, which, in fact, is a repetition of a criticism of Nichols', they hope Mr. Cunningham was not aware that it had been long ago answered by Walpole himself, who has the following note on this very passage:—

"In the *Biographic Anecdotes* of Hogarth, it is said, that my memory must have failed me; for that, on repeated inspection, it is evident that the fingers *are* unstained with blood. Were they always so? I *saw* it when first painted, and bloody they *were*. In page 46, it is confessed, that upon the criticism of one connoisseur or another, the picture was so altered, that an old friend of Mr. Hogarth's scarce knew it again."

The reviewers observe, that "Surely such a charge of direct falsehood against a critic so judicious, and an historian of arts so discriminating and laborious as Walpole, recoils with double force, when

hazarded on such slender and superficial examination, after the grave was closed on his remains! Again, a supposed necessity of vindicating his hero from whatever was the topic of contemporary animadversion, has, we think, very unnecessarily led this amiable biographer into a most chivalrous and paradoxical defence of Hogarth's learning. That Hogarth was justly described by Walpole as illiterate, cannot be doubted: it is clearly proved that in the use of his own language he was deficient in orthography and grammar, and that he understood no other. Those who detracted from his merit as a painter on such a ground were certainly malicious and absurd; but still less can we understand the following vindication, by which, indeed, the charge is at once admitted and decided."

We cannot but express our concurrence with the sentiments and opinions of the reviewers. It is strange, indeed, that a man of Mr. Cunningham's talents should have exposed himself to such an inaccuracy. Hogarth was, perhaps, the very worst selection he could have made for the display of favour. His love of the ludicrous forbade the probability of his possessing a highly cultivated taste. We strongly recommend to our readers a perusal of the passage on this subject in p. 61 of the review. We shall pass on to their remarks concerning the encouragement of art, and on Reynolds,

In p. 63. there is this passage:

"There is certainly a considerable difference, and there always will be, between the encouragement of artists and the encouragement of art; but in their estimate of the effects of such encouragement, both connoisseurs and students have shown some consistency. The *Mæcenases* of painting and poetry have ever been laughed at for patronizing mediocrity, while on the other hand, no single work of acknowledged genius can be cited, the author of which had not, at some time or other, been grievously in want of a dinner. But who does not see that, in many of these instances, the patronage itself must have produced the mediocrity—the starvation stimulated the genius."

We cannot entertain a high opinion of this latter sentiment. The reviewers have taken the exception as the rule, and adopted particular instances in opposition to general results. It is very true that with the world in general literary men have been treated with little regard. It may be equally true, that genius has been stimulated in certain cases by privation; but there is no necessary connection between genius and starvation. Is it known how many geniuses have pined away their lives in wretchedness and sank prematurely to the grave. Now if they had received timely encouragement, might they not have

lived to maintain the dignity of their nature, and to advance the studies to which they were attached. Lord Byron was not stimulated by poverty, but if his writers speak truly, by gin and water, and Sir Walter Scott flourished when he wrote from the impulse of his inclinations, but the intensity of his genius wonderfully decreased, when he was impelled to write from a consciousness of necessity, and to discharge his debts.

The reviewers proceed thus—"Now in the Fine Arts, *excellence* alone is valuable;—a middling table is better than a bad one, but a middling poem is worse, for it gives less amusement. On the other hand let us recollect that the arts themselves began almost every where in great humility. Pliny tells us that the earliest and noblest schools of statuary in Greece arose among the bronziers of Sicyon and Egina; the gates, worthy of Paradise, in Florence, began in the work of the goldsmiths of Pisa; in England painting was contracted for by the yard, and the *German hunting in water works*, and other *slight drolleries* for which manors could now be mortgaged, and volumes written, were only preferred by Sir John Falstaff to Dame Quickly's *flea bitten* tapestry, because they were cheaper. As pictures advance in price and estimation, aspirants multiply and academies are founded; more money than ever is annually expended in the purchase, but Miss Martineau would be appalled by the accelerated rate which they seem to be produced. No portion of the human race presses so forcibly upon the average means of subsistence as the species of which we write; and how should it be otherwise, when, as it appears from these records, almost every Academician is a genius, every genius the founder of a school of painting—and every scholar ambitious, in his turn, to rise the Reynolds of some future age, and give birth to a progeny at least as numerous? What an illustration of the fundamental principle of Malthus! What an opportunity for applying the preventive check! Alas.

Each man's merit is not hard to find,
But each man's secret standard is his mind;
That casting weight pride adds to emptiness,
This none can gratify, for none can guess.

We have many remarks on this review which want of space prevents our making on this occasion: we shall, however, resume the subject in our next number.

A General View of the Geology of Scripture, in which the unerring truth of the inspired narrative of the early events in the world is exhibited, and distinctly proved, by the corroborative testimony of physical facts, on every part of the earth's surface, by GEORGE FAIRHOLME, Esq. London: Ridgway, 1833.

THE Science of Geology has of late much engaged the attention of the learned. As a study it is not only interesting and instructive; but its connexion with chemistry, and its consequent utility has rendered it worthy of pursuit upon higher grounds. But the importance of the science of Geology does not rest there; for its elucidation and corroboration of many facts in history, and its proof by physical facts of the truth of Scripture, make it a source of sublime and anxious inquiry, and second to no pursuit which can or ought, to engage the attention of mankind.

It is justly observed by our author "that many objections have frequently been raised to the endeavours to connect physical facts, with the details of scripture;" and that mischief has sometimes "ensued to the cause of religion from the imprudent, or unskilful defence, made by those whose wishes and intentions were the most friendly to it: but as "the course of every science must be progressive; beginning in faint attempts to dissipate the obscurity of ignorance, and gradually advancing towards the full light of truth; such objections in particular instances, ought not to be suffered to militate against the general acquirement of a branch of knowledge calculated so much to be of service to human nature, as the science of Geology. The object of the author of the book under review is to remove errors which have resulted from a superficial knowledge of the subject. He speaks of "the deceptive evidence of physical facts seen under a false light, and of the difficulty for the supporters of Revelation, ignorant, as they generally were, of the nature of these facts to hold their ground with success, or not to weaken their own cause by an apparent failure in its support." The inducement which the author felt to express his own views in regard to this science is thus explained in his preface. "The necessity which has, however, been acknowledged, of rejecting the geological theories of those days, opposed as they were, to the Mosai- cal History, was, therefore, a fair source of hope and encouragement to such as advocated the unerring character of inspired scripture. It, at least, left that Mosaic narrative uninjured by the assault; and en-

couraged a hope that, as in all other cases, the truth would finally appear, and prevail.

"Of late years accordingly, fact after fact has been gradually accumulating; each tending to temper the wild character of an hypothetical philosophy; and every day produces some new evidence of the hasty and erroneous conclusions from physical facts, to which the friends of revelation had found it too often necessary to succumb."

Our author in his introductory chapter speaks of the interest and importance of the subject in the following words.—"The very high interest and importance of the history of the globe which we inhabit, will be admitted by all whose minds are capable of entering beyond a mere superficial consideration of the objects around us; and the principles of curiosity, and the innate love of truth, so inherent in the human mind, lead us step by step from the consideration of objects themselves to the GREAT FIRST CAUSE from whence all things have originally sprung." There could not be a more felicitous mode of opening the subject than this. The passage at once proclaims the ability of the writer, his respect for the opinions of others, his regard for the objects which surround him, and his unbounded admiration of the Supreme Being.

Of the capabilities, or rather we should have said qualifications, of Mr. Fairholme to enter upon the discussion of Geology, there can be little question. He brings to the subject ardour without enthusiasm, and practical knowledge combined with deep theoretical reflection.—He says:—

"I have always felt an ardent desire to study, and endeavour to follow up, the theories which from time to time, have been formed by philosophy, respecting the original formation and subsequent changes of the globe which sustains us; and for many years of my life, I have regularly studied almost every thing that has been advanced on those important subjects. In the course of repeated travels over a great part of Europe, I have also had many opportunities of practically forming a judgment of the more visible and tangible evidences adduced in support of those theories. I have never felt, however, either on the subject of the *primitive* or secondary formations of geology, firm conviction of the truth of the doctrines taught by the great leaders in science, which is that necessary consequence to be looked for in sound and truly logical reasoning. In the very opening of the subject, in treating of the *mode of first formations*, and in the *numerous revolutions* which are said subsequently to have left unquestionable traces upon the earth, I have never found any argument advan-

ced, which did not leave the mind in a bewildered and uncertain state; and in but too many of the theories of philosophy on these subjects, we find opinions broached by the ablest men, so extraordinary, and so repulsive to our reason and common sense, that we are compelled at once to regret them, and not without losing, at the same time, some portion of that high respect, with which a sound philosophy ought always to inspire us."

In this way our author attacks also the *matter* and motion of philosophers, and quotes the following very apt passage from the Edinburgh Encyclopædia:—

"The great problem of creation has been said to be, **MATTER and MOTION** given, to *form a world*; and the presumption of man has often led him to attempt the solution of this absurd problem. At first, philosophers contented themselves with reasoning on the traditional or historical accounts they had received; but it is irksome to be shackled by authority, or for the learned to be content with the same degree of information on so important a subject as the most ignorant of the people. After having acquired, therefore, a smattering of knowledge, philosophy began to imagine that it could point out a much better way of forming the world, than that which had been transmitted by the consenting voice of antiquity. Epicurus was most distinguished among the ancients, in this work of reformation, and produced a theory on the principle of a *fortuitous concourse of atoms*; the extravagant absurdity of which, has alone preserved it from oblivion. From his day to the present time, there has been a constant succession of systems and theories of the earth, which are now swallowed up by those of a chaotic geology, founded on chemistry; the speculations of which have been attended with many useful results, in so far as they proceed on the principles of induction; but when applied to solve the problem of *creation*, or the *mode* of first formations, will only serve, like the systems of their forerunners of antiquity, to demonstrate the ignorance and presumption of man."

To be continued.

THE DRAMA.

WE regret that our limits preclude our noticing Theatricals this month. We hope, however, to be somewhat elaborate in our remarks next month. We cannot say much in praise of the management of our two large theatres at present.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL AT WALSALL,

STAFFORDSHIRE.

From September 26th, to October 25th, 1833, (inclusive).

The situation of Walsall is so near the centre of England, that its Temperature may be taken as the average of the whole kingdom.

Latitude 52° 34' 30" N. Longitude 1° 57' 0" W.

| Thermometer in the shade, N.W. aspect.

Day of Month.	Moon's Age.	Fahrenheit's Thermometer.				Barometer.	Wind.	Weather and Observations.
		8 A.M.	3 P.M.	9 P.M.	During night.			
1833.	Days.							
Sept. 26	13	50	58	52	37	29.38	S.S.E.	Showery & fair alternately.
27	14	45	57	53	51	29.52	S. by E.	Fair.
28	Full	54	54	51	45	29.24	S. by E. to S.W.	Continued rain.
29	16	50	54	49	44	29.70	W.S.W. to W.	Rather cloudy.
30	17	48	57	48	39	29.88	N.W.	Fair.
Oct. 1	18	45	58	46	44	29.91	S.S.E.	Fair.
2	19	46	57	48	43	29.82	S.E.	Fair.
3	20	51	55	51	50	29.77	E.	Rather cloudy.
4	21	51	57	51	43	29.80	E.	Fair and cloudy alternately.
5	22	50	57	50	47	29.80	E.	Fair.
6	3d qr.	53	56	48	41	29.80	E.	Fair.
7	24	46	55	41	34	29.80	E.	Fair.
8	25	40	53	50	37	29.70	E.	Fair, in evening slight rain.
9	26	41	52	45	37	29.86	E.	Fair.
10	27	42	53	45	38	29.80	E.	Fair.
11	28	47	53	51	39	29.60	E. by S.	Cloudy, slight rain at times.
12	29	48	50	43	33	29.56	S. to W. & N.W.	A.M. heavy rain, P.M. fair.
13	New	39	49	51	50	29.64	S. by E.	Cloudy, night heavy rain.
14	1	53	54	48	38	29.10	S.W.	High wind, showers.
15	2	41	47	38	37	28.80	S.	High wind, 5 P.M. thunder
16	3	36	46	40	36	28.90	S.W.	Heavy rain [storm.]
17	4	45	49	47	35	29.35	N. by W.	Strong wind.
18	5	39	46	44	36	29.27	S. by W.	Drizzling rain.
19	6	41	45	40	33	29.06	S.W.	Heavy showers.
20	1st. qr.	38	48	46	40	29.30	W.	Fair.
21	8	54	57	56	46	29.13	S. W.	Continued rain.
22	9	50	56	47	44	29.24	S.S.W.	Fair.
23	10	47	55	47	39	29.13	E. to N.	A.M. heavy rain, P.M. fair.
24	11	46	57	53	48	29.19	S. E.	Fair.
25	12	52	59	50	45	29.06	S.E.	Fair.

Greatest height of Thermometer, Oct. 25th, 3 P.M.	59	Greatest height of Barometer, Oct. 1st.	29.91
Least height of Thermometer, Oct. 12th, and 19th. during night	33	Least height of Barometer, Oct. 15th. - - -	28.80
Range	26	Range	1.11